

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

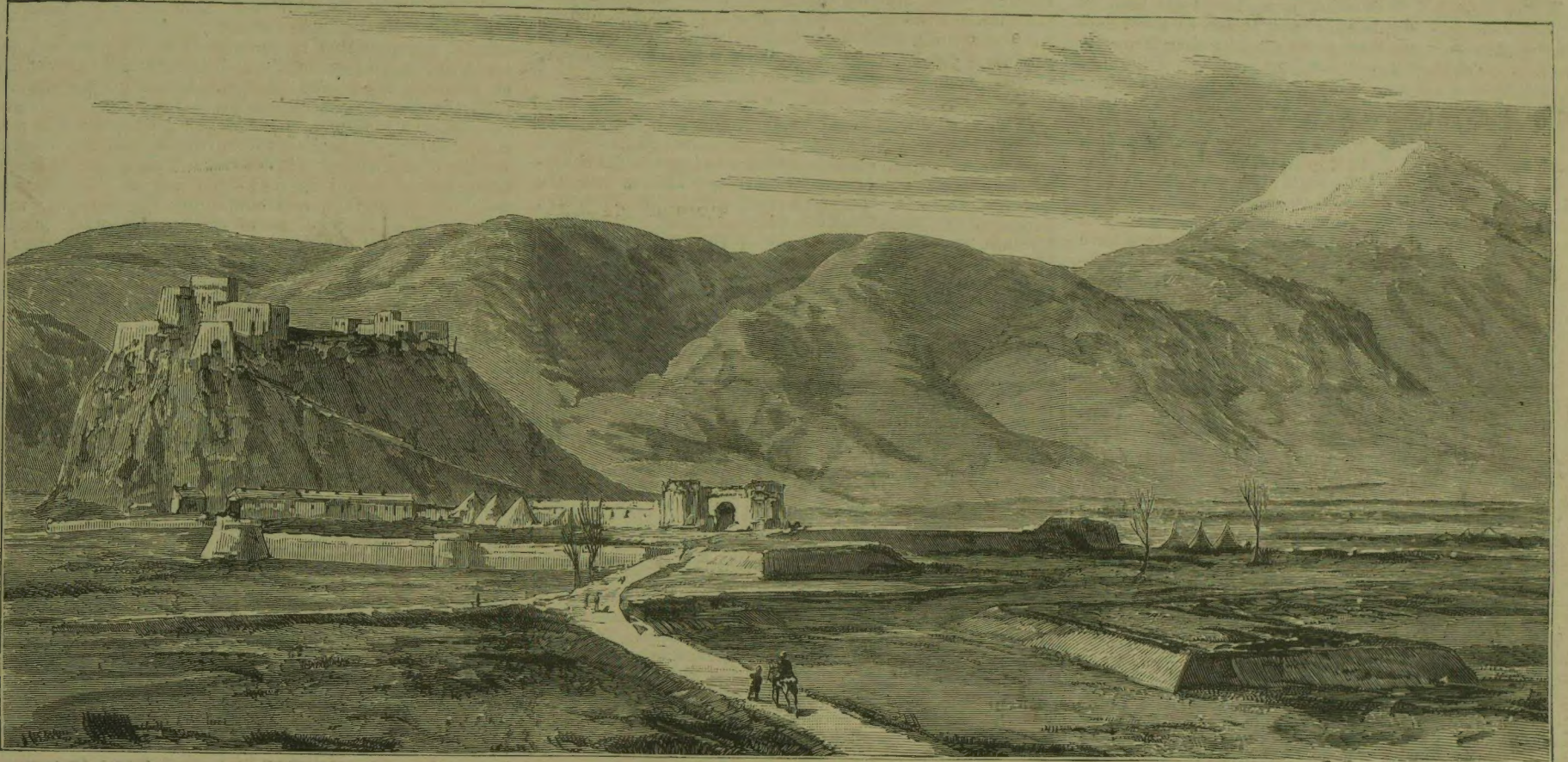
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THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

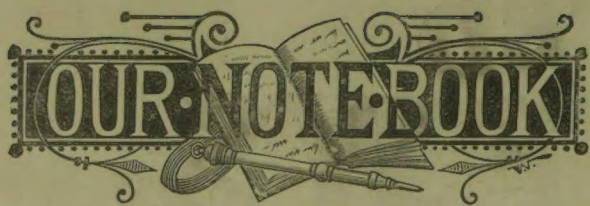


QUETTA, THE MOST ADVANCED BRITISH MILITARY STATION TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN.



THE BOLAN PASS TO AFGHANISTAN: TAKING GUNS ACROSS THE BOLAN RIVER.

FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT C. M. GONNE, R.A.



Aix-les-Bains, whither the Queen has gone for her health, is, as Lord Macaulay's favourite "fifth-form schoolboy" could tell us, the oldest of the Roman colonies planted in Gaul, as Marseilles is of the Greek, if indeed the Phœceans were true Greeks. It is remarkable that Aix-les-Bains should have preserved to this day the reputation which, as *Aquæ Sextiæ*, it had for mineral waters, when it was first colonised by the Romans; for those waters are said to have "gone off" very much even in the days of the Emperor Augustus. There is the better chance, therefore, that Leamington, which has been making great efforts to come into fashion again, and Bath may some day regain their old prestige. But then the heavenly situation of Aix-les-Bains!

Easter time is still devoted, as it always has been, to pleasure taking; but, happily, the people in these days take their pleasures in a more orderly fashion than formerly. There is doubtless room for improvement still, but the grossness and cruelty common during the last century would not now be tolerated. Bull-baiting was then fashionable, and even statesmen patronised the sport; ponds used for hunting ducks with dogs were common round London; prize-fighting attracted all ranks of the people. Cock-fighting was highly popular, and, worse still, cock-throwing, a sport that consisted in tying a cock to a stake as a mark for sticks. Some of the gentry of the day followed other and worse amusements, which were practised all the year round. The club of Mohocks attacked passengers in the streets at night and committed the foulest cruelties. They thrust swords into the legs of their victims, flattened their noses, put respectable women into barrels and rolled them down the streets, and slit the noses of watchmen. This was sport in the eighteenth century. And the habits of the people corresponded with their amusements. Statesmen took to hard drinking without reproach, and among the poor the taste for gin spread like a pestilence. The brutality of the age may be seen in its penal laws, in the foul state of the prisons, in the treatment of lunatics, who were tied with chains and slept on straw, in the heads that figured on Temple Bar, in the disembowelling of traitors, in the punishment of the pillory, and in the flogging of women in the streets. No wonder that when the laws sanctioned by the State were brutal, the amusements of the people should be brutal also.

This week being Easter week, there is, as usual, a glut of horse-racing and steeplechasing from Monday to Saturday (both included), from Kempton Park in the South, to the Eglinton Hunt Meeting (Irvine) in the North, to say nothing of the Paris Spring Meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, across the "silver streak." The most interesting events hitherto have been the Prix du Cadran (at Paris), which Archiduc won in a canter from his only opponent, the sometime "nobbled" Fra Diavolo; the dead-heat (the second of the season), at Kempton Park, between Lyddington and Van Ayr on Monday; and the brilliant running of Ptolemy at the same place on the same day, though he was only second to Fireball, to whom, however, he conceded a year and nearly two stone and a half. The importance of Ptolemy's performance lies in the fact that he is a three-year-old in the same stable as Paradox, the present first favourite for the Two Thousand and Derby (bar Melton, perhaps, for the latter); and through him a "line" is obtained for measuring the capabilities of Paradox and Luminary.

The Thursday before Easter is called "Maunday" Thursday, supposed to be a corruption of "Mandate" Thursday, the day which was anciently termed "dies mandati" in Latin. What the "mandate" was, whether it applied to the institution of the Lord's Supper or to the "new commandment" given to the disciples on the day to which our present Thursday before Easter corresponds, is disputed; but the latter explanation appears to be the more generally received and to harmonise the better with the "washing of feet" and the giving of gifts observed on that day at various Christian Courts and elsewhere in Christendom.

According to his irate and impetuous countrymen, now he is no longer in power, the mistakes of M. Jules Ferry are legion. He considered the coal-mines of Kelung of such paramount value and importance that Admiral Courbet must occupy that place at once, *coûte que coûte*; but letters and despatches now declare that though coal is abundant at Kelung, it is worthless, or at all events not adapted for French steamers, so that the fleet off Formosa has to be supplied with South Wales coal, which by the time it reaches that distant port has cost at least £5 per ton. The suddenness with which this discovery has been made, however, militates against its authenticity.

About forty large historical portraits of great value were sold last week at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, and the manner in which they were collected is quite a romance. One day in 1855, M. Aragon, a well-known lawyer, received a visit from a lady, who announced herself as descended from a Royal house and very rich. She wished to know whether she could obtain a decree annulling her marriage, on the ground that her husband had deceived her as to the quarterings on his paternal escutcheon, but accepted M. Aragon's dictum that such a pretext for escaping from the marriage bond was futile, and would only expose her to ridicule. A few days afterwards she sent him, by way of fee, two full-length portraits of her kingly ancestors, which he hung up in his study and admired so much that he determined they should form the basis of a collection. With this object in view he traversed the highways and byways of Italy and Spain, and frequented the great sales, always in

quest of portraits of kings and princes of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. One of his first discoveries was that the portrait of a Dominican monk belonging to the Archbishop of Cambrai was, in reality, one of Ferdinand I., Emperor of Germany in 1556. A very little cleaning revealed that one of the hands held a sceptre, and the other a crystal globe surmounted by a cross. The picture was first thought to be a Holbein, but proved to be by Porbus. Similar strokes of luck and much diligent search made M. Aragon the owner of portraits of Charles V., Cosmo de Medicis, Don Sebastian of Portugal, a Catharine de Medicis in a crimson robe, Marie Stuart in a white one, Isabella of Portugal, the mother of Charles le Téméraire, and a lovely Catharine de Cornaro. Among his acquisitions there was a Maurice of Nassau, clad in such a cuirass as can hardly be seen even in the Hôtel Cluny; and a pale dreamy-looking Philip II., dressed in black and painted by Sanchez Coello. Another remarkable purchase made by M. Aragon was of three portraits, by Rubens, of Henri Quatre, his wife, Marguerite de Valois, and their daughter, Isabella of Bourbon. Just before the death of the Comte de Chambord, a group of Legitimists wished to buy these three canvases by subscription and present them to him. Among the gems of the collection were portraits of Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and his wife, surrounded by their Court, painted on panels of wood, by Cranach, who was the faithful friend and follower of that Prince throughout all his changes of fortune.

The turf, both French and English, had losses to deplore last week. On the 1st inst. died M. A. Staub, owner of that good mare Stockholm (winner of the Goodwood Stakes, Goodwood Corinthian Plate, and the Queen's Plate at Lichfield last year), of Péripétie, winner of the French Oaks in 1869, of the once good horse Le Destrier, of Son Excellence, of Escogriffe, and other horses known by repute, if not by personal appearance, in this country, including Diaprée (engaged in the Epsom Oaks of this year, but not nominated by M. Staub); and on the 2nd inst., died Mr. R. R. Christophers, hon. secretary of Tattersall's, and sometime owner or part owner of Plebeian (winner of the Middle Park Plate, beating Galopin, in 1874), Madeira (second to Petrarch for the Middle Park Plate in 1875), and other notable animals, including an unnamed son of Plebeian and Madeira, who is thus disqualified this year for the Two Thousand, the Epsom Grand Prize, and the Doncaster St. Leger, &c., but is not engaged in the Derby.

Sun-dials have been replaced by clocks in the towers of most English churches, and the old-fashioned time-piece has too frequently been destroyed. A better fate, however, was reserved for the sun-dial from St. Mary's, Alverstoke, for it has been sent out to Stellenbosch, in South Africa, where it is set up on the north side of the church with an inscription giving its history. The date on it is 1749, the year of Goethe's birth, and the reason it has taken so long a journey is that the clergyman at Stellenbosch is an Alverstoke man, and asked the Rector if he could not give him a stone of the old parish church as a memento and link with the mother country.

Of course, public buildings must, like the humblest cottages, have their special cleaning days; and it is easy to understand that on such days the charwomen and scrubbers must not be incommoded by an influx of visitors. But some care should be taken to suit the wishes of the public, and not to close their galleries at the very season of the year when it is sure to be most convenient for them to attend. Yet, from April 2 until Easter Monday the National Gallery was closed. Many people take holidays in the week preceding Easter, and the Saturday before Easter Sunday has become, by tacit recognition, almost as general a holiday as the Monday following. With the additional attractions of the recently acquired pictures, the Trafalgar-square exhibition offered fresh enjoyments for pleasure-seekers. But a cleaning-out disappointed them; and it is difficult to understand why this should not have taken place a few days before or a few days after what must of necessity be the busiest time of the year. Let us hope that in future arrangements can be made encouraging to those who love to spend their leisure in the refining atmosphere of an art-gallery.

The interesting match for the championship at billiards was decided last week, and Mr. John Roberts, jun., "realised the stakes" of £200 and vindicated his right to be called, as well as considered, the champion, by making 3000 points, the number of the game, against Mr. W. Cook's 2908, thus winning, as he was expected to do, by 92 points. It was supposed that he would win by considerably more; but not only did Mr. W. Cook "play up" with indomitable pluck and rare skill, but there are a few other matters to be observed. Mr. Roberts was suffering from what is playfully known as a "game" leg, and may be said almost to have got up from a sick bed to meet his engagement, and, though you do not hold your cue with your foot, you do play billiards to a very considerable extent with your legs. A bad corn even, nothing worse, will make a vast difference in a man's play. Moreover, oddly enough, though Messrs. Roberts and Cook passed one another frequently in scoring, it is noteworthy that the former "came" whenever he was wanted, playing with a rapidity and decision that are all his own; made in one innings the greatest break (129) that has ever yet been made for a championship match on a championship table, and in another almost as many (125); and not only won the match but managed to be ahead, though only by a little, at the conclusion of the play on each of the three nights. Mr. Cook's highest break was 107; but he made his fifties, sixties, seventies, and even eighties, in a manner worthy of his old form. Mr. Roberts has now "beaten the record" once more. Mr. Cook, however, though vanquished, was not dismayed; and immediately issued another challenge for the championship. Another ex-champion, Mr. Joseph Bennett, has also challenged Mr. Roberts, who is, therefore, not to rest on his laurels, but is likely to have a lively time and "more worlds to conquer."

Horse-racing on the flat was confined last week to Nottingham, where nothing of much note took place, though the first "dead-heat" of the season was a little curious, because there were only two runners. Mr. R. Peck's "aged" horse, Poste Restante, carrying 10 st., ran a dead-heat, distance one mile, with Baron de Hirsch's three-year-old filly, Glimmer, carrying 8 st. 9 lb.; and the riders were that "par nobile fratum," Messrs. F. Archer and J. Snowden, respectively. The race was for the Robin Hood Cup, and the dead-heat was not "run off," though the chances had been thought to be no less than 11 to 8 on the "old un."

Mr. Alfred De Rothschild is well known as the possessor of one of the finest collections of pictures, china, furniture, and faience in the world. A portion of it he inherited from his father, but his own sound judgment, refined taste, and immense wealth have helped to the completion of a collection which may be described as wellnigh perfect, inasmuch as it includes magnificent representative specimens of every description of artistic bric-à-brac. The choicest pictures by Cuypp, Romney, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Paul Potter, Greuze, Boucher, Watteau, Ruysdael, and other great masters; china of the most artistic periods, from Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea; Henri II. delft, Limoges enamels; furniture, designed by artists, and mounted by brass-workers with the delicate touch of Roman jewellers, are all to be found in profusion at Seamore Place and Halton. But, however grand a collection may be, its charms are enhanced by a full and descriptive catalogue. This Mr. De Rothschild has now compiled for presentation to his friends, and the book is worthy of the treasures it describes. Two quarto volumes, sumptuously bound in dark-blue morocco, emblazoned with his monogram, and containing photographs, with full and lucid descriptions, of the lovely objects, form a work which is at once a revelation to the art student, a vision to the bric-à-brac hunter, and a valuable édition de luxe for the drawing-room table of those who, like the writer of these lines, have been fortunate enough to have received one of Mr. Rothschild's rare and costly gifts.

A fine game is racquets, at which Oxford and Cambridge "tried conclusions" last week. In the double match, on the 31st ult. "best of seven games," at Prince's Club, Messrs. H. E. Crawley and L. Sanderson (both of Trinity College) won for Cambridge against Messrs. E. H. Buckland (New College) and J. H. B. Noble (Balliol College) for Oxford, by four games to two, making the total since the first year (1855), after which there was an interval of two years, sixteen for Cambridge against thirteen for Oxford. The single match, on the 1st inst., also at Prince's Club, "best of five games," was won "in a canter," as sporting people say, by Mr. H. E. Crawley (who was "facile princeps" of the four representatives) for Cambridge, winning three games running, and making, on the whole, since the first "single" match, in 1858, thirteen for Light Blue against fifteen for Dark Blue (who won ten years in succession, from 1869 to 1878, both included). Cambridge has now won the "double" game ten years in succession, from 1876 to 1885, both included. It is noticeable how excellence in cricket seems to combine with excellence in racquets, to judge from the names of Messrs. R. D. Walker, A. Lyttelton, Mitchell, Ivo Bligh, A. J. Webbe, C. T. Studd, and many another "quos scribere longum est."

In these days, when ladies particularly demand that their costumes shall possess some striking originality, every public occurrence of interest is looked to, to supply a novelty for dresses, bonnets, or jewellery. The wars that are progressing in Egypt and China have suggested the latest fashion in Paris. Bullets are now worn. Real or imitation bullets are eagerly sought for as buttons; while to carry the illusion further, and make all things match, swords and guns in miniature are the favourite brooches, hair-pins, and ornaments of the French fair sex. Even the most unwarlike ladies in the capital may be seen disporting themselves like living batteries of tiny armaments.

Captain Eyre Crabbe, an officer well known in Southampton and its neighbourhood, has written a few touching lines to the mother of a private in the Grenadier Guards, which must have made her heart swell with pride in spite of her sorrow. This soldier had been out skirmishing just before the battle of Abou Klea, but had returned safe to the square before the enemy charged. During that charge he fought bravely, joined in the cheer when it was over, and was in the very act of giving the man next him a drink from his own bottle when a stray bullet shot him straight in the heart, and he fell back into Captain Crabbe's arms. He drew the poor fellow back into the square and laid him down, but it was all over, and then turned round to his commanding officer and said, "I have lost my best lad!" The ready courage and unselfish kindness of the British soldier in the hour of battle are admirably exemplified in this drama of life and death.

A clever story has been recently published called "A Dog with a Bad Name"; but, according to a writer who has taken advantage of the holiday season to utter his jeremiad, all dogs ought to have a bad name with sensible people. It is terrible to be told that the cases of hydrophobia are innumerable, and a little startling to read that there is sufficient justification even for the extinction of this "friend of man." The plague of dogs is said to be spreading everywhere, and at seaside places "they are quite a terror." It is rather difficult to understand why, if everyone is afraid of dogs, there should be such a "disgusting mania" for keeping them, and a mania especially exhibited by women. Possibly "Cave canem," who lives under daily fear of a mad dog, would prefer encountering a mad bull. His dread, however, is no excuse for inaccuracy, and he may be reminded that it is not difficult to obtain the statistics of hydrophobia.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, arrived in Dublin on Wednesday. They travelled on Tuesday evening from London to Holyhead, taking leave of the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge, at Euston Station; they stayed at Holyhead from midnight till half-past five in the morning, when they embarked on board the Royal yacht Osborne, and arrived soon after eleven in the forenoon at Kingstown, Dublin Bay. They were saluted by the guns of the Channel Squadron lying there. On landing at Kingstown, their Royal Highnesses were received by Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Countess Spencer; and an address of welcome from the Town Commissioners was presented to them. The train speedily conveyed them to Dublin, where a similar address was presented by the Chairman of the Citizens' Reception Committee, Mr. Richard Martin, in default of the City Corporation. The High Sheriff of the county of Dublin, Mr. E. C. Guinness, also read an address from the magistrates.

The reception of the Royal party at Dublin was enthusiastic. The Royal train arrived at Westland-row Terminus shortly before one o'clock. The station, which has recently been enlarged at a great expenditure, was very handsomely decorated. A platform, capable of accommodating about 600 people, was erected, and it may be interesting to state, as an indication of the desire of the people of Dublin to be present at the arrival of the Royal party, that as many as 10,000 applications were made for seats to the secretary of the company. It was found impossible, however, to accommodate more than the number above stated. Immediately on the arrival of the train at Westland-row the Royal party alighted amidst the most enthusiastic cheering, a military band playing the National Anthem. The presentation of the address from the Citizens' Committee was then proceeded with. A committee of the citizens representing all classes and various creeds was organised to welcome the Prince of Wales. Mr. Richard Martin, D.L., came forward and said:—"May it please your Royal Highness, as president of the Citizens' Reception Committee, who represent a vast number of our fellow citizens of all shades of opinion, I have the honour to present to your Royal Highness an address of cordial and respectful welcome to Dublin. The address was then read. That part of it which ventured to assure the Prince that it would be a great gratification to her Majesty's loyal subjects in Ireland if a permanent Royal residence should be established in the country, and if some member of the reigning House should see fit to make a home there, was rapturously received, and the Prince's reply was equally acclaimed. The Prince, in reply, said he would convey to the Queen their expressions of devotion and attachment. The furtherance of the welfare of all classes, his Royal Highness added, was an object dear to him, and he trusted that the efforts of the Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor would tend to their improvement. The kindness with which the citizens had received him encouraged him to look forward to his visit to a country where courtesy and hospitality were the characteristics of the people. The route of the Royal Party, escorted by a squadron of the 16th Lancers, was by Westland-row, Lincoln-place, Nassau-street, Grafton-street, College-green, and Dame-street—that is, through the major part of the principal thoroughfares to the Castle. Wherever the carriages and four and Royal outriders appeared, the air rang with cheers. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, Lord and Lady Spencer, and suites, with the military escorts, proceeded to the Spring Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, where many thousands of the élite of the county received them with unbounded enthusiasm. Here his Royal Highness replied to another address of welcome. While the address was being read by the noble President, the Duke of Leinster, the Princess of Wales and Lady Spencer stood up at the front of the Royal box, in full view of those present. The Prince and Princess remained for nearly two hours, during which time the prize cattle were exhibited before them; and subsequently they witnessed an interesting leaping competition, for which over one hundred horses were entered. This portion of the day's proceedings was of the most brilliant character.

The Royal party, followed shortly after by the Lord Lieutenant, returned to the Castle by a different route, receiving everywhere the warmest greetings.

In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

Lord Dufferin's conferences with the Ameer Abdurrahman at Rawul Pindi have been continued daily in private since our last. On Monday, a grand review of twenty thousand troops was held in presence of the Viceroy of India, the Ameer of Afghanistan, and the Duke of Connaught. In the evening Lord Dufferin entertained the Ameer at a State banquet, and the Ameer, when his health was toasted, made a speech, wishing prosperity to the British Government and to all who serve the Queen. On Wednesday, there was a ceremonious Darbar, and another military review. Military preparations are continued, and a contingent of fifteen thousand Ghoorikhas is offered by the Maharajah of Nepal.

General Sir Peter Lumsden and the Boundary Commission are still in the border country north of Herat. A few of the Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, yet remain to be published. We have already mentioned the felt tents of the Turkomans, called by the Russians "kibitkas," which were used in the camp at Bala Murghab for the accommodation of the troops of the Indian escort. The process of erecting one of these "kibitkas" is illustrated by a Sketch in the present Number. The lower part is formed of a series of cross pieces of wood, fixed together, so that, like the action of a pair of scissors at each crossing, they can be extended or contracted at pleasure, according to the diameter required. This part, with the framework of the door, is first put up, and held together with belts made of wool. The crown of the tent has a circular piece of wood pierced with holes; into these holes are placed the ends of one or two long pieces of stick, and then the crown is erected, and held there by tying the lower end of the sticks to the top of the circular framework. Having fixed the crown with one or two of the sticks, sticks are then placed all round the tent, to support the roof. When this is done, the whole is covered with thick felts, which are strapped on with belts and ropes. A small piece of felt forms a hood to cover the crown; this can be moved by a rope, so as to make an opening on any side desired to let out the smoke or let in light.

QUETTA AND THE BOLAN PASS.

The military forces of British India, under General Sir Donald Stewart, Bart., G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, are to be assembled with all speed at Quetta, the valuable frontier station among the mountains between Scinde and Candahar, in the Kheilat region of Beloochistan. The British Government, some years ago, made an arrangement with the Khan of Kheilat by which it acquired the occupation of Quetta, and has made it the centre of a military district, and headquarters of a division of the Indian Army. It is approached from Scinde either by the Bolan Pass, or by the route of the railway now being constructed from Sibi through the Hurnai valley, and round the northern side of the Takatu range to the Pishin valley, terminating at the foot of the Gwaja Pass on the edge of the plain of Candahar. This railway, which will pass north of Quetta, about thirty miles distant, is not expected to be finished before the autumn of next year; and the Bolan Pass must therefore be used for the present movement of troops and stores. A temporary railway is now to be laid down in the Bolan Pass, from Pir Choki as far as Sir-i-Bolan, and from Darwaza to Quetta, but the gradients are too steep for a railroad the whole way. We are indebted to Lieutenant Gonne, R.A., for the Sketches of Quetta and the Bolan Pass. The town of Quetta, or Shal, stands in a valley some twenty miles long by five broad, almost entirely surrounded by lofty mountains. On the west rise the Chihaltan and Meshalak ranges; on the north the Takatu hills; on the east and south-east are imposing mountain masses. The valley is open on the south and on the north-west between the northern limit of the Chihaltan mountains; at the southern spurs of Takatu there is a gap four miles wide. Through this gap three important roads find their way into Quetta; the Hurnai road, north of the Takatu hills, winds through a succession of defiles in a south-easterly direction to Sibi, and so to India; the old high road is westward to Candahar; and the main road in the same direction across the northern spurs of the Meshalak range, by way of the Ghazaband Pass, which there gives access across these hills. To the north of the gap a difficult route leads, by way of the Margha Pass, over the Takatu range to the Hurnai and old Candahar roads. The road through the Bolan Pass, leaving Quetta on the south, traverses the mountains on the south-east by the pass, and debouches on Sibi by Pir Choki and Dadur. Thus Sibi may be said to be the starting-point of the two great roads connecting Quetta with India.

The town is surrounded by a mud wall, with two gates, the southern and the eastern. A fort has been constructed on an artificial mound, from which an extensive view of the neighbouring valleys is obtained. Strategically, this place is of the greatest importance, being situated at a vital point on the southernmost route between India and Afghanistan. Its occupation secures the command of the Pishin valley, checks the unruly Bugti, Marri, and other tribes, keeps open the roads of the Khoja and Gwaja Passes over the Khoja Amran range, and facilitates a rapid advance on Candahar.

It was Quetta which formed the base of operations of the Southern column during the Afghan campaign of 1878-80, and it was from Quetta that the British troops advanced to Candahar, which they occupied after only a faint resistance. The valley of Quetta is between five and six thousand feet above the sea, and in summer the climate is pleasant, the heat being tempered by cool breezes from the hills. In winter there is considerable cold. Some years ago it was computed that the town contained about four thousand inhabitants, most of whom were Afghans, but the population has since greatly increased. Quetta is 140 miles from Candahar, and nearly 400 miles from Herat.

The troops garrisoning the Quetta district, which includes the Bolan Pass and some places east of it, as well as the Pishin valley, are composed of regiments from the armies of the three Presidencies, although Madras is only represented by a single battalion. According to the latest returns of the distribution of the Anglo-Indian Army—supplemented by the force at that time employed on the Zhob Valley Expedition—the Bengal troops serving in the Quetta district were 906 British infantry, 5974 native infantry, and one battery of Royal Artillery, with 109 men. The Bombay troops were more numerous, consisting of 2133 British infantry and two batteries of Royal Artillery, with 219 men. The Bombay native troops numbered 4222 infantry, 624 cavalry, and one mountain battery, with 168 men. The Madras native regiment mustered 820 men. The Quetta division had, therefore, a total of 3039 British infantry, three batteries of Royal Artillery with 328 men, 11,016 native infantry, 624 native cavalry, and one battery of native artillery with 168 men. This gives a nominal grand total of 15,175 men and twenty-two guns (there being only four guns to the native battery), which may be taken as representing an efficient force of 14,500 men. But we had a considerable force actually in the field carrying on operations of war in the Zhob valley, and in addition to the 15,000 men already specified. That expedition consisted of 1259 British infantry, one English battery with 110 men, 3973 natives, and one native mountain battery with 167 men. The Madras army was represented by a contingent of 164 sappers. There were consequently in the Zhob valley 1369 English and 4304 native troops, including cavalry with ten guns, besides the large number already mentioned as stationed in the Quetta district. When the expedition returned, these 5673 men were, with the exception of some Bengal cavalry, distributed within the limits of the Quetta command and in Scinde. All the artillery was also retained, so that we have within the region between the plain of Scinde and the Khoja Amran range an army of more than 20,000 men with thirty-two guns. A very considerable part of this corps is stationed at different places in the Pishin valley, which is thirty miles nearer Candahar than Quetta; but, according to a quite recent statement, there were at Quetta alone 800 British infantry, 5000 native infantry, and 1200 native cavalry. To the Quetta division has also to be added the garrison of Scinde. This force, distributed between Kurramchee and Jacobabad, numbered, at the same time as the figures previously given relate to, 1428 British infantry, 3397 native infantry, 1015 native cavalry, and two batteries of Royal Artillery with 298 men. This gives an additional total of 6138 men and twelve guns. The Indian Government can therefore dispose of a force between the lower portion of the Indus and the Pishin valley of more than 26,000 men and forty-four guns; and of that army 6462 are Englishmen. The movements now in progress will show how easily this force might be increased.

The Bolan Pass, commencing on the Indian side at the edge of the Cutch Gundava Desert, at Dadur, a few miles west of Sibi, to which there is a railway open for traffic from Shikarpore on the Indus, ascends by a succession of narrow gorges and rocky defiles the valleys of the Bolan river for about fifty miles. The fall of this stream is exceedingly rapid, the difference of level in that distance being 3751 ft., and it is therefore liable to very sudden floods or freshets, which have often caused fatal accidents to travellers, and by one of which in 1841, a detachment of the Bengal army lost its baggage and forty-five men. In ordinary seasons the river is but shallow; the road formerly as rough as possible, over the round loose stones forming the bed of the river when full; but a good road

for wheeled carriages has now been completed, frequently crossing the river. There is no bridge, and one of our illustrations shows the difficulty of getting guns across the stream; another is that of the operation of blasting rocks to make the military road. At Drubbee and Kundi, not far from the lower entrance to the pass, it expands into small inclosed basins, surrounded by hills 500 ft. or 600 ft. high; it thence turns due north, and becomes very steep; higher up, at Kista and at Beebi Nani, there are wider openings, and a road from the latter place strikes off due west to Kheilat. The road on to Quetta, in a north-westerly direction, rising high above the river, is more and more steep; and at Sir-i-Bolan, forty-five miles from the eastern entrance, is 4494 ft. above the sea-level. Ten miles farther, over the brow of the Hala mountain range, at an elevation of 5793 ft., it reaches the dreary table-land of the Dasht-i-Bedaulat, which extends to the hills overlooking Quetta. It must, in any case, and in spite of roadmaking improvement, be a laborious route for a military force encumbered with artillery and waggons; and it is to be regretted that the railway from Sibi to the Pishin valley, and thence down to the Candahar plain, designed and commenced some years ago by Sir Richard Temple, was not completed at the time. The cost of the present gathering of Indian forces at Quetta would have been considerably lessened if that railway had now been available, instead of the Bolan Pass.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

The annual review and field manoeuvres of the Volunteer Corps of London and the Home District took place on Easter Monday, in fine weather, and with the usual success. At Brighton, nearly twenty thousand Volunteers were assembled, forming three divisions—the first commanded by Major-General the Hon. W. Fielding, the second by Major-General Sir Drury Lowe, and the third by Major-General Gipsy. The first two divisions consisted each of two brigades, and there were three brigades of the third division. The commanders of brigades were Colonel A. C. Hamilton, R.E., Colonel Panter, Colonel J. S. Hand, Colonel Gordon Ives, Colonel G. H. Moncrieff (Scots Guards), Colonel G. R. Fitzroy (Coldstream Guards), and Colonel Lord Bury. The Duke of Cambridge inspected the troops, and saw them march past the flag and salute, on the White Hawk Hill, near the Brighton race-course; after which they executed the manoeuvres of a battle on the ground to the north-east, between the Falmer Hill and Newmarket Hill. The attacking force numbered 11,500 men, being composed of the first and second divisions, and was under the command of Major-General R. White; it began operations from the northern slope of Falmer Hill, and its object was to prevent the opposing force, which was imagined to be that of an army invading England by the Sussex coast, and having landed at Newhaven, from getting possession of the town of Brighton. Major-General Monck commanded this hostile force, which numbered only the 7300 men of the third division, but which was much superior in artillery, and which held a most advantageous position on Newmarket Hill. The action began at two o'clock with a movement of General White's right wing round the south-west extremity of the Falmer Ridge, in order to cross the valley and get hold of Upper Bevendean. This object was achieved, cutting off the enemy from Brighton. On the other hand, General Monck sent down part of his force, supported by his powerful batteries, to check the movement of Colonel Ives' brigade, forming the left wing of General White's army, across the rising ground at the north-eastern or upper end of the valley. By this means General Monck protected himself against being cut off from his base of operations at Newhaven, while he succeeded in maintaining his position on Newmarket Hill. The engagement lasted two hours, with no other result than has been described. The bugles sounded "Cease firing!" and the troops halted on the ground they occupied, while the umpires rode over the field to examine how they stood, and to report to his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief. The troops afterwards marched back to the Level at Brighton, from which they had marched out at half-past nine in the morning, and the trains began, at six in the evening, to convey most of the Volunteers home to London. Some battalions had left town on Good Friday, and passed the night at Cuckfield and Lindfield and other villages near the Hayward's-leath railway station, while others came by the Horsham road; and on Saturday, in the march on to Brighton, there was some interesting opposition in their manoeuvres to counteract each other's approach to the rising ground near Ditchling, and to the slope of the South Downs on the Lewes and Brighton road. This was, perhaps, as a military exercise, the most useful and instructive part of the whole series of operations.

At Dover, in like manner, but on a smaller scale, four thousand Volunteers, mostly Kentish, but with several London corps joining them, and with detachments of cavalry and infantry from the regular troops in garrison at Dover, Walmer, and Canterbury, all under the command of Major-General the Hon. P. R. B. Fielding, performed the manoeuvres of attack and defence of a position at Guston, almost under the guns of Fort Burgoyne, on the road from Dover to Deal and to Canterbury. The forces were about equally divided, Colonel Goodenough commanding the attack and Colonel Tredennick the defence; but the latter was stronger in field artillery, and was protected by the fort, so that the attack was finally repulsed. The march past took place on the drill-ground in front of Fort Burgoyne.

At Aldershot, two Volunteer Corps, the 11th and 21st Middlesex, were combined with the regular troops of that camp, under General Luard, in a smart little action on the Fox Hills. At Sheerness, the 2nd Kent Artillery Volunteers, from Woolwich, who were occupying the fort at Garrison Point, had some good firing practice at the targets moored 2200 yards and 2500 yards from the shore, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes. At Portsmouth, the 3rd Hants Rifle Volunteer, under Colonel W. H. Eyer, about seven hundred strong, divided into two opposing forces, executed some manoeuvres in the country towards Petersfield; and the 1st Hants Artillery, under Colonel Godfrey Twiss, had a field-day on the downs near Finchdean.

FIGHTING IN AFGHANISTAN.

A Reuter's telegram from St. Petersburg on Thursday states that General Komoroff attacked the fortified position of the Afghans on both banks of the Khushk River on the 30th ult. An engagement ensued, and the Afghans, whose force consisted of 4000 men, with eight guns, were defeated and dispersed with the loss of about 500 killed, the whole of their artillery, two standards, the entire camp, with the park of artillery and provisions.

The Russians lost one Turkoman officer, killed; Colonel Nikschitset and three subaltern officers were wounded. Of the Cossacks and Turkoman soldiers ten were killed and twenty-nine wounded.



THE LATE QUARTERMASTER C. EASTMEAD,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



MAJOR F. M. WARDROP,
3RD (PRINCE OF WALES'S) DRAGOON GUARDS.



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. J. ROMILLY, R.E.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

BRITISH OFFICERS IN THE SOUDAN.

Among the personal acts of gallantry during the late campaign in the Soudan, one which attracted public notice was that of Major Wardrop, accompanied by three or four troopers of the 19th Hussars, on Feb. 13, during the retreat of the British force, under Sir Redvers Buller, from their abandoned camp at Gakdul, near Metammeh, to the Wells of Abou Klea. It will be remembered that, when the encumbered march of the troops and convoy was harassed and threatened with attack by large bodies of the enemy, reckoned altogether to number about five thousand, these four or five British horsemen boldly rode out through the bushes and among the hillocks which afforded a little cover, and turned upon the nearest approaching masses of Arabs, making them believe that a formidable cavalry force was about to charge them, with such effect that they desisted from immediately molesting the march of Sir Redvers Buller. Major F. M. Wardrop, of the 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, was attached to the General's Staff, and had previously rendered good service in the Intelligence Department, in the advance from Korti across the Bayuda Desert.

The other Portraits this week are those of two officers whose deaths are to be regretted among those killed in the more recent engagements near Souakim, under Sir Gerald Graham; Captain Romilly fell in the defence of the zereba on Sunday, March 22, and Quartermaster Eastmead in a skirmish on the next day.

Captain Francis J. Romilly, of the Royal Engineers, was eldest son of Mr. George T. Romilly, and grandson of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Romilly, R.E. He was born March 10, 1849, obtained his commission and passed out of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in July, 1870. He went to India, and joined the Madras Public Works Department in 1873; in 1879 he was ordered to Bangalore, and was employed on special work in the autumn of 1881. He was stationed at Tranquebar, Tanjore, Negapatam, and Coimbatore. At the time of the first Egyptian Campaign, in 1882, he volunteered for service with the Queen's Own Madras Sappers; but, enough officers being available, his services were not required. In February, 1885, he was ordered to join the Madras Sappers and Miners, who form part of the Indian Contingent in the Soudan. They started from Bangalore on Feb. 24, and arrived at Souakim on March 13. Captain Romilly was killed while superintending the construction of General Sir John McNeill's zereba on the 22nd ult. He had married a daughter of Mr. Dennis de Berdt Hovell, of Borcham Holt, Elstree, Hertfordshire. We learn that Captain Romilly was greatly esteemed for his high professional acquirements, and his geniality and kindness made him generally popular. He leaves a widow and three young children.

Quartermaster Charles Eastmead, who was killed in action on the next day, was one of the very few non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers promoted from the ranks. He enlisted in the Army in 1857, and served as a Sapper through-

out the Indian Mutiny campaign, including the siege operations at Lucknow, and also through the New Zealand campaign of 1863-4. As Sergeant-Major, R.E., he was well known in the Chatham garrison. He was promoted to a commission as Sub-Assistant Commissioner in the Ordnance Store Department, in March, 1878, and was made Quartermaster in the same year.

Mr. Dunn, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, inspected several large Atlantic steamers at Liverpool yesterday week, and decided upon the details of their armaments as cruisers.

Lord Rosebery, who was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the National Reform Union at Manchester last week, advocated the establishment of an English trading company for the development of the Soudan. As to Afghanistan, the Government had good hopes of a peaceful solution, but they were prepared to defend our honour and interests.

Mr. Oules, R.A., has painted a memorial portrait of Sir Edward Baines, the cost being 600 guineas; and last week it was formally handed to Sir Edward, who has for two generations been connected with Leeds. The recipient of the portrait has attained the age of eighty-five years, and has rendered good service in connection with the Yorkshire College and the Yorkshire Union of the Mechanics' Institutes. The portrait is to be placed in the Mayor's Parlour at the Leeds Townhall.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: TURKOMANS ERECTING A KIBITKA IN THE CAMP AT BALA MURGHAB.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

T H E W A R I N T H E S O U D A N .
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET, WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM'S ARMY.

Marines firing from hill.



THE FIGHT AT HASHEEN, NEAR SOUAKIM, MARCH 20: INSIDE THE SQUARE.

5th Lancers signalling.

1. Village of Hasheen.



ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY SHELLING THE VILLAGE OF HASHEEN, ON MARCH 20.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The advance of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, with eight thousand of his troops, from Souakim to Tamai, on Wednesday last week, did not lead to a battle. Osman Digna's force, at the approach of the British, retired from Tamai to Tamaniab. Our troops occupied Tamai on Thursday; but there was little water, and that of bad quality, the wells having been purposely filled up or polluted by the enemy. Sir Gerald Graham advanced only two or three miles farther, to Teselah Hill, north-east of Tamai; but there was no sign of the enemy, who seems inclined to avoid a decisive engagement. On Friday afternoon the troops began their return march, under General Fremantle, and next day arrived at the camp near Souakim. All operations in the direction of Tamai, to the south of Souakim, are for the present abandoned, and the whole force is now concentrated between Souakim and Handoub, to the west, for the purpose of covering the construction of the railway by Messrs. Lucas and Aird's navvies. The railway works will be pushed on as fast as the climate and the supply of material will permit. It was expected this week that part of the troops would advance, under the personal command of General Graham, to occupy Handoub. The force would consist of the Coldstreams, the Australians, and a squadron of General Hudson's Indian Cavalry; and in their absence, their position at the first zereba would be taken by the Scots Guards. There is great disappointment among the troops at the change in the enemy's tactics, and at the prospect of an indefinite guerrilla warfare.

Our Special Artist with Sir Gerald Graham's army at Souakim, Mr. Walter Paget, has sent us his first Sketches. Those engraved and published this week represent incidents of the first actual fighting performed by that force, on Friday, March 20, in the reconnaissance near the village of Hasheen, about six miles west of Souakim, beyond the old zereba constructed by Baker Pasha last year. Hasheen is in a plain surrounded by the hills, and covered with tall mimosa-bushes. General Graham, with the greater part of his force, advanced to this place, leaving the Surrey Regiment in Baker's zereba, with guns in the neighbouring redoubt. He found the enemy swarming over the hills. They were attacked by the Royal Marines, the Berkshire Regiment, and the Sikhs, and were driven off the hill south of Hasheen, but managed to regain it; and the Bengal Lancers were then ordered to charge them. A small party of the Arabs, directed by an old sheikh on a camel, waving his spear and shouting, got round the Indian Cavalry, and crept under the horses, cutting and hamstringing their legs. The Bengal troopers lost four or five of their men, and had to retreat, pursued by the enemy to the number of nearly four thousand, of whom eight hundred were riflemen. But here they encountered the Brigade of Guards, drawn up in a compact square, which met them with a steady fire within twenty yards, while it fell slowly back, to give the Bengal Lancers an opportunity of reforming and charging again. It was at this time that Captain Dalison, of the Guards, was killed. Meanwhile, to the right of the British position, where new redoubts were being constructed, another large party of the Arabs descended from the hills on the north side of the plain; when the 5th Lancers, 20th Hussars, Mounted Infantry, and a troop of the Indian Lancers swooped down upon them and almost exterminated the band, most of them being shot down by the carbines of the cavalry, who swept over them as they lay on the ground endeavouring to cut at the horses' legs. Only seven of the whole body made their escape. This work was not performed without loss; two officers of the 5th Lancers were severely wounded, while a Sergeant-Major and four privates were killed. While this brilliant charge was being made, the artillery opened a heavy fire upon two large bodies of the enemy, of which one, some two thousand strong, was retreating in front, while the other, of double that strength, was on the left rear of the British, having arrived on the scene of action from Tamai. At one o'clock the Second Brigade and the Indian Infantry were ordered to fall back on the Guards, and at two o'clock the whole force began their march back towards the hill occupied by the 70th Regiment. The Indian Brigade this time formed the advance. They were followed by the 46th and Marines, while the Guards, still in square, with the Artillery, ambulance, and transport in their centre, brought up the rear. The position was by no means a pleasant one, for the enemy swarmed around us, and the square, encumbered with its impedimenta, had to fight its way over ground covered with dense bush, the Arabs closing in on all sides, but chiefly in the rear and left flank. For half an hour the Scots Fusiliers and Coldstreams had to endure a very heavy fire from the almost invisible enemy, halting every two hundred yards to fire volleys into the scrub. Having reached the first ridge, where the 70th had now completed the redoubts and zerebas, a halt was made for lunch. The soldiers were much exhausted after marching and fighting for nine hours and a half under the blazing sun, and a long halt was given them before they started on their return to camp. The new zerebas and redoubts were left to be finished by the Royal Engineers, and guarded by the Indian troops and others, who were suddenly attacked on the following Sunday, March 22, and suffered considerable loss in defending the place.

EDUCATION.

Yesterday week the annual conference of the Midland Counties Sunday School Association was opened at Coventry, delegates being present from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Worcester, Nuneaton, and many other places. Alderman White, of Birmingham, presided. Mr. Edward Towers, of the London Sunday School Union, read a paper on Recreations and their Influence on Sunday School Work, and a discussion followed. In the afternoon the conference was continued; and in the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. Thomas Lee, M.P., the Rev. Guinness Rogers, and others delivering addresses.

At Norwich on Monday was held the annual conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers. The president (Mr. R. Wild) gave an address strongly condemning the system of payment by results. The annual report of the executive was received and adopted; the treasurer's report and balance-sheet were also approved. On Tuesday the subject of the training of teachers was discussed, and the question was left open for another year.

Mr. O. V. Morgan opened on Monday the eighth annual Sunday Scholars' Exhibition, in the Basnet-grove Board School, Lavender-hill, Battersea, held "for the encouragement of skill and industry during leisure hours."

The weather on Good Friday, though cold, was bright and sunny, and the holiday was largely taken advantage of. The Easter Monday Bank Holiday was enjoyed by an enormous number of persons in London, with milder weather and an absence of the cutting winds of the previous days. The various places of entertainment and the public institutions were crowded, while there was no lack of recreation in the parks and open spaces.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., at New Forest, county Galway, the wife of Hyacinth D'Arcy, Esq., D.L., of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 29th ult., at 93, St. Sidwell's, Exeter, Bridget Sherston Cann, relict of John Cann, formerly of Fudge House, Spreyton, aged 65.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 26, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW on VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is now open at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, for a limited number of performances, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by H. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Cochran, Mr. H. Beerholm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weatherly, Mr. Graham, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.45. PERIL at 8.15. Carriages at Eleven. Box-office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 5700. Matinee of PERIL, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, at 2.15. Doors open at 12.45. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING. (by Henry A. Jones and Herman). Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Berange, Guthrie, De Solla, Foss, Elliott, Evans, &c. and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c. and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at Seven. Box-office, 8.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

JAPAN IN LONDON.

Under Royal Patronage. ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street). SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS. 250,000 persons have already visited TANNAKER'S JAPANESE VILLAGE. Fresh Arrivals from Japan. Five Streets of Houses and Shops constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations as in their own country. Daily, Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. 1s.; Children, 6d. WEDNESDAYS, 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). MILITARY BAND.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, THREE and EIGHT.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' New Entertainment, produced for the first time on Easter Monday, proved a SIGNAL AND MOST COMPLETE TRIUMPH. Every Member from beginning to end of the New Programme having been honoured with the most flattering marks of approval of the vast audiences, which filled the St. James's Great Hall to its utmost capacity.

Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, the distinguished American comedian and humorist, will appear in conjunction with the already unrivalled body of comedians attached to this Company. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Such a success as that which has been achieved by the distinguished American Humorist and Comedian, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, has but rarely been attained on the English comic stage. Vide the "Times," "Standard," "Post," "Advertiser," "Daily News," and "Chronicle," of the 7th inst. MR. SWEATNAM'S QUANT STORIES AND COMIC DITTIES never fail to convulse the audience with laughter.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS. REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Hompey Accursi, the Societe des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—
Messieurs Kreuss, Messieurs Faure, Devries, "Verga, Salin, Capoul, Denadieu, Biorstein, Frank-Davenney, Contralt, Belloc, Villaret, Simmet, &c.
Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:

VIOLINISTS: Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marink, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March. M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz:—

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
5th "	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
6th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.
7th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.
8th "	AIDA.	Third Act.
9th "	LAKME.	Selection.
10th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
11th "	HAMELET.	Third and Fourth Act.
12th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
13th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
14th "	LE SIEUR.	Brunhilde's Dream.
15th "	LE CHALET.	

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.6 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria 12.30 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.10 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s. 2d.; Return, 6s. 4d., 41s., 32s. Powerful Public Steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamer at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The following are the lecture arrangements after Easter, 1885:—
Professor Arthur Gamgee.—Eight lectures on Digestion and Nutrition, on Tuesdays, April 14 to June 2.
Professor Tyndall.—Five lectures on Natural Forces and Energies, on Thursdays, April 16 to May 14.
Professor C. Meynott Tidy.—Three lectures on Poisons in Relation to their Chemical Constitution and to Vital Functions, on Thursdays, May 21, 28, and June 4.
Mr. William Carruthers.—Four lectures on Fir-Trees and their Allies, in the Present and in the Past, on Saturdays, April 18 to May 9.
Professor William Odling.—Two lectures on Organic Septides and Antiseptics, on Saturdays, May 16 and 23.
The Rev. C. Taylor, D.D.—Two lectures on a Late Discovered Document, possibly of the First Century, entitled "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," with Illustrations from the Talmud, on Saturdays, May 30 and June 6.

Probable arrangements for the Friday evening meetings:—

Professor S. P. Langley.—Sunlight and the Earth's Atmosphere, on April 17.
Mr. William Carruthers.—British Fossil Cycads and their Relation to Living Forms, on April 24.
Lord Rayleigh.—Water Jets and Water Drops, on May 1.
Mr. W. F. B. Weldon.—On Adaptation to Surroundings as a Factor in Animal Development, on May 8.
Professor Burdon Sanderson.—Cholera: Its Causes and Prevention, on May 15.
Mr. Walter H. Pollock.—Garriek, on May 22.
Mr. J. J. Coleman and Professor J. G. Kendrick.—The Mechanical Production of Cold, and the Effects of Cold on Microphytes, on May 29.
Professor Dewar, on June 5.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The oldest playgoer cannot recall an Easter so rich in novelties of every description. Times must indeed have changed when this season of the year does not produce a single burlesque or extravaganza—Easter pieces they used to be called—and finds "Passion Week" dedicated to the theatre almost wholly devoted to drama, comedy, and farce.

"THE LAST CHANCE."

Let me take the drama first, and turn your attention to the Adelphi, where Mr. George R. Sims reigns supreme, and is gradually obtaining a stronghold which is wellnigh impregnable. "The Last Chance" is one of the most curious plays that I have ever witnessed, for it convinces the spectator in spite of himself. It is a play constructed on an entirely novel principle; its story is neither very interesting nor very clear; there is little call on the assistance of actor or actress; the attention is distracted from the main purpose of the play by an excess of detail unconnected with the story; and yet the individuality of the author is so assertive throughout his work that he carries along this stupendous achievement on his broad shoulders to success. The author, the stage-manager, and the scene-painter appear to have put their heads together and to have built up a play that could be independent even of such clever artists as Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. James Fernandez, Miss Louise Moodie, and Miss Mary Rorke, and might rely for its success on the unexampled skill of Mr. Sims in swift character-painting and on an enormous managerial outlay in beautiful scenery and elaborate mechanical effects. When people talk of the new Adelphi play they will not allude to Mr. Warner as the young fellow who, unjustly cast out of his inheritance, is reduced to beggary, and day wages at the London Docks; they will not pay much attention to the Russian adventures, Miss Louise Moodie, who queens it over everybody until she is "hunted down" by a Polish spy she had sold to slavery; they will pass by with little interest the depressed heroine who goes mad for no apparent purpose, and is found dying in the snow, no one exactly knows why; but when they come to the character-sketches and realistic tableaux introduced by Mr. Sims their tongues will be loosened, and they will have plenty to say. The walls of London will soon be placarded with pictures of the wretched labourers waiting to be hired at the dock gates; enormous posters will whet the appetites of the expectant playgoer, showing the luckless hero being smashed down into the hold of a merchant-vessel by a bale that has slipped off a crane; the intending tourist during the spring and summer months will have his daily ride to town on the knifeboard of the omnibus cheered by peeps at Haddon Hall, and the delightful Derbyshire district represented with such faithfulness on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre; but no pictures or posters will be able to convey any idea of the bright and cheery fashion in which Mr. Sims acts as showman, and patches together the disjointed fragments of his disconnected tale. From the moment that the curtain rises until it falls there is no dull moment. When one pleasant character steps off, another one equally amusing steps on. The eye is always pleased; the mind is never fatigued. Whilst watching this drama by Mr. Sims, we are unconsciously reminded of his own contributions to contemporary journalism. He possesses the extraordinary faculty of saying in five lines what another could ill express in five pages. He can dash off a picture in a second that another would labour over for an hour. He can run on from abstruse politics to domestic economy without disturbing our sense of propriety. He is as interesting when he discusses Mr. Henry George arriving at Euston Station on a political mission, as when he is telling us how he buttons his boots or gets his shoes polished. A thin line of stars alone divides the partitions of this active and many-sided mind. He "dockets" his facts and "pigeon-holes" his fancy. The new drama is a play constructed on the same extraordinary plan. Its scenes and acts are divided but by a thin line of stars. It jumps from one interest to another just as Mr. Sims' paragraphs do. It is the "Mustard and Cress" of the stage, and will succeed only whilst this particular author signs it, for he has a strong personality, a wide influence, and has the hold upon his hearers that can only be gained by genius. For my own part, I do not think it would be well for the stage if all our plays were written after this pattern. I do not like to see the actor subordinate to the scenery, or the main motive obscured by detail. I prefer a telescope to a kaleidoscope. But for all that, "The Last Chance" has attraction in plenty for the thousands who are not critical but content. We meet on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre plenty of clever and amusing people; we see dozens of marvellous scenes; and, to put it even from the lowest point of view, we get plenty for our money. It may be that Mr. Sims will, by his own power, head a reform the end of which we do not see at present. He is as original and revolutionary as was Mr. Robertson in another branch of dramatic art; and, like Mr. Robertson, he is as dangerous as a guide. Plenty of writers tried their hands at Robertsonian comedy and failed, it would be as unsafe to construct dramas of the future on the model of "The Last Chance." Mr. Sims is the lynch-pin of modern realistic drama, and when that tumbles out we know pretty well what will happen. Meanwhile, London is provided with a new drama, and the Adelphi can advertise a fresh success. Critics may differ as to the interest of the play, but there can be no two opinions concerning the excellence of the panorama.

REVIVAL OF "THE SILVER KING."

And if one cared to note what varieties there can be in the style and character of modern drama, it is only necessary to journey as far as the Princess's Theatre, where Mr. Wilson Barrett has recently revived one of the very best plays of its class, "The Silver King," a play that owes its success to the clever collaboration of Mr. Herman and Mr. Henry A. Jones, a play that starts on one of the finest motives that has recently occurred to a dramatist in any country. For years past we have got our best dramas from France, but France has given us no play so good as "The Silver King." If she were wise she would take it, adapt it, and play it in preference to any "Theodora" that was ever written. "The Silver King" is, on the whole, far better acted now than it was at the outset. Mr. Barrett is as good as ever—intense in his passion and interesting in his pathos. Mr. Willard, if anything, better than ever. Miss Eastlake has improved her conception of the faithful Nellie Denver by innumerable graceful and artistic touches, and the addition of Miss Emmeline Ormsby to the cast is a very great gain. At these times, when laughter is often so forced, it is pleasant to find a play in which can occasionally be enjoyed the luxury of a "good cry." The pocket-handkerchiefs are freely used in "The Silver King," and the good, honest people are none the worse for a shower of tears.

"UNDER FIRE."

From drama we come to comedy. Great expectations had been formed of the new play written by Dr. Westland Marston for Mr. Thorne's company at the Vaudeville. The veteran dramatist is a charming writer, observant, shrewd, well-informed, and epigrammatic. He has also had the experience of a lifetime in connection with the stage. But, alas! his comedy seems as distasteful to the present age as the tragedy

of Bulwer Lytton. They are both presented forty years too late. The multiplicity of theatres and the eager supply of new plays exhaust the only subjects that English dramatists can successfully treat, and the consequence is that Dr. Marston is, in a measure, forestalled by younger and more daring authors. Only recently, in Mr. Mark Quinton's "In His Power," we see what misery can be inflicted by the innocent suppression of a hidden passage in a woman's life. The woman who has married a man who idolises her does not care to tell him that she has been married before to a scoundrel who has deceived and deserted her, and is now levying black-mail on the strength of her secret. But after such a motive as this, the secret of the heroine in Dr. Marston's "Under Fire" is a very unsatisfactory and uninteresting one. All the harm she has done has been to sing at concerts for her daily bread and to be the unhappy daughter of a man who is a convict. On the strength of this skeleton in the lady's cupboard, a female friend also levies black-mail, hoping to get the lady of title turned out of society for her parent's misdeeds; and we actually see the humiliating spectacle of a mother going down on her knees to her daughter and imploring the child to embitter her existence with the man she does not love in order to save her mother from social ostracism. With such a heroine it is impossible to sympathise, for heroines of good plays should be irreproachable. Buzzing about this feeble candle-light of interest, we have various social moths who burn their poor wings, and merely make the candle gutter to no purpose. Miss Amy Roselle and Mrs. Canning are cleverly contrasted in the best scene in the play—a sharp duel of words between two women of the world; but Mr. Thorne is not happily circumstanced as a rustic lover; and such clever actors as Mr. F. Archer, Mr. Charles Sugden, and others work very hard to no purpose. There is some admirable writing in the new play; but unless the audience catches on to the interest of a comedy, good writing goes for very little nowadays.

The determined spirit of Mrs. Langtry and her cheerful good-nature under a cloud of adverse circumstances have at last been rewarded. She has made a great and genuine success as Lady Ormonde in the well-worn play called "Peril." It is not strange that such should be the case; for it may be safely said that Lady Ormonde has never been so well played or understood before, never with such delicacy of handling, such finesse, and such a well-bred air. It is a most difficult character to interpret. There is danger of making Lady Ormonde too prudish or too meretricious. Mrs. Langtry avoids both extremes, and makes the wife of the English baronet a refined woman, who from mere carelessness plays with fire, and gets out of her scrape with as much modesty as tact. The opening comedy scenes of the play are charmingly acted, and Mrs. Langtry astonished everybody by her fine attack of the great scene, and by the wonderful "back fall" that astonished everyone in America. Mrs. Langtry well deserves her success, for she has smiled under adversity and determined to win her laurels in spite of fate. In many respects, the play has never been better acted. The Sir Woodbine Grafton of Mr. Beer-bohm Tree is a revelation—a wonderfully amusing character-sketch that will bring the young actor a new chorus of praise. Ravel in his best days could do no better. And it would be difficult to find a better doctor than that admirable actor Mr. F. Everill. The cast gains by the good services of Mr. Coghlan in the character of Captain Bradford, and the play thus happily cast seems on the fair way for a new spell of life, though so recently presented at the Haymarket.

Comedy, and comedy of the best—light, amusing, pure, and wholesome—is once more to be found at the St. James's Theatre, the admitted head-quarters of this agreeable form of entertainment. Some people may object that "A Quiet Rubber" and "The Queen's Shilling" are not English comedies because they are derived from a foreign original. If that be the case, there will be very few plays to see, for even Sheridan and Goldsmith kept their eyes and ears open before they wrote. The public care very little for this eternal wail about originality, and would far rather have a good and amusing play that was founded on somebody else's idea than a bad original one founded on no idea at all. Why, for instance, should we be deprived of Mr. Hare's marvellous study of senility as Lord Kilclare; or of Mr. Kendal's charming young Lancer who gets into such scrapes when love leads the way; or of Mrs. Kendal's fresh, gay, and lovable Kate Greville; or, again, of Mr. Hare's Colonel Daunt, merely because there were such plays as "La Partie de Piquet" and the "Fils de Famille." But little trace of French origin occurs in either work. Mr. Coghlan and Mr. G. W. Godfrey have done their work extremely well, and have prepared for the playgoer not only amusing plays, but such as bring out some excellent and clever acting. The audiences seem as delighted to get back to modern stories as are the artists eager to interpret them, and it is not likely that any change of programme will be required in King-street for a considerable time to come. The cheery little inn servant in "The Queen's Shilling" is now capably played by Miss Lydia Cowell, who has an excellent chance of distinguishing herself in so finished a school of acting as this—the best we have in this country.

The new first part at German Reed's Entertainment has been provided by Mr. H. P. Stephens and Mr. W. Yardley, and a very clever little play it is. "Hobbies" is the name given to the sketch of the private life of an amateur scientist, who spends half his fortune in trying to invent new-fangled machines that range from pneumatic tubes to mechanical dogs. A love story is cleverly interwoven in the amusing description of a silly old gentleman, excellently played by Mr. Alfred Reed; and it may be safely said that the services of Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Allan, Mr. Dudley North, and Miss Marion Wardroper have never been so usefully or pleasantly employed. The lyrics, which are specially good of their kind, have been set to music by Mr. George Gear, who for many years has been connected with the music of this popular entertainment. Mr. Corney Grain is never at a loss for a subject for satire. This time he has pitched on the drawing-room reciters and "song cyclists" and "vocal recitists," who are so popular just now, and cleverly hits off their eccentricities. His song in imitation of the "tenor with the soul," who attracts a lot of silly women to the piano, is capital; and so are his serenades and nigger melodies. It is wonderful with what spirit and variety this entertainment is kept up; and it is pleasant to find the entertainers retain their youth, good looks, and bright spirits. Years pass away, but the old friends at German Reed's are just the same, and prepared with a cheery welcome.

C. S.

A long and honourable service of over twenty years in London has not dulled the success of the "Moore and Burgess Minstrels," which remain one of the chief holiday attractions in the metropolis. For at the St. James's Hall there is no cast wind or piercing blasts such as may be found on Hampstead-heath. It was a wonderful sight to see the large hall in Piccadilly crammed on each of the special Easter performances, and to watch the interest that attended the delivery of each song and glee. There is a curious connection between negro minstrelsy and hymnology, and who shall say

how these minstrels have benefited from the modern religious revivalism? Apart, however, from the madrigals and part-songs so admirably sung, there have been some special features introduced this Easter. Prominent amongst them is Mr. W. P. Sweatnam, a comedian who has attained great popularity in America, and deservedly so. Quainter humour has not been heard for a long time. His monologue is funnier in idea than Southern's Dandreamy. Mr. George Moore is as funny as ever as the "bones" of the troupe, and the whole company has been provided with new jokes, all of which tell with the audience. But the minstrels can be patriotic as well as sentimental and funny. A great hit has been made by the singing of the new national song, "The Soldiers of the Guard," written by Clement Scott and W. C. Levey, which was received so enthusiastically the other day at the Criterion Theatre.

We are glad to see a matinee announced to take place at St. George's Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 6, for the benefit of Miss Edith Heraud. Mrs. Kendal, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. George Grossmith, and a host of celebrities have promised to appear. We trust that the public will respond to the appeal of an artiste who for many years occupied a high position upon the boards, as well as achieved for herself a considerable literary status, but whose career has been cut short by a terrible malady, which for five years has defied the first medical treatment in the country for its alleviation.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Rosa entered on a new London season on Monday evening at Drury-Lane Theatre, this being his third occupancy of that house. We have already given an outline of the arrangements for the season just opened (which is to extend over eight weeks), and have now to speak of the commencing performances. That of the opening night consisted of Wallace's "Maritana," the bright melodiousness of which retains its hold on the public ear. Of so familiar a work, and of its performance by artists who have often before been heard in it, brief notice may suffice. Madame Georgina Burns, who sustained the title-character, acted with spirit, and gave her music with great effect, as did Mr. Maas that of Don César; Mr. Ludwig's Don José having been also a repetition of an important feature of the evening, which included Miss Marian Burton's expressive delivery of the music of Lazarillo. The part of the King was effectively sustained by Mr. Burgon. It is now nearly forty years since "Maritana" was first produced, in the same theatre, where it was heard last Monday evening with evident pleasure by a large audience.

On Tuesday evening "Carmen" was given, with (as on previous occasions) the powerful performance of Madame Marie Roze in the title-character, in which she sang with her well-known charm of voice and style, and acted with real dramatic power, especially in the final scene, in which Carmen's jilted lover, José, stabs her. The last-named character was (also as before) very effectively sustained by Mr. B. McGuckin, who has made rapid progress as a stage vocalist, both in acting and singing. The character of Michaela found, as heretofore, a charming representative in Miss C. Perry; Mr. L. Crotty repeated his excellent performance as Escamillo, the bull-fighter; the Gipsy girls, Frasquita and Mercedes, found competent representatives in Misses Bensburg and M. Burton; and Mr. Snazelle as Doncaire, and Mr. C. Lyall as Remendado, were picturesque representatives, respectively, of the Captain and Lieutenant of the smugglers. The scenic effects were excellent, and the incidental ballet action was well sustained, this department being under the able and skilled direction of Madame Katti Lanner. On both the occasions referred to the orchestral and choral performances were worthy of the reputation of Mr. Rosa's company. Mr. Randecker conducted ably in each instance. Of subsequent performances we must speak next week. "Nadeshda," the new romantic opera composed by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, is to be produced on Thursday next, with Madame Valleria in the title-character.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

"François, the Radical," produced on Saturday evening, is an adaptation by the author of "The Candidate" of a French comic opera entitled "François, les Bas Bleus," the music of which is by M. Firmin Bernicat, a young composer who died before he could witness the great success of this, his best work, which indeed was not quite completed in some of the details of the score, these having been filled up by his friend, M. Messenger. The plot is very slight, and serves chiefly to give occasion to some very smart political allusions and epigrammatic dialogue, and some very bright and tuneful music, in which there are indications of a power that would doubtless have produced works of more importance had the composer not died prematurely. There is no occasion to dwell at great length on the few incidents of the piece—how François, a public letter-writer and would-be poet, at the epoch of the French Revolution, is in love with Fanchon, a street ballad-singer, and is beloved by the sister of a Marquis, his writing songs which he gets François to touch up, one of them being rendered so ultra-revolutionary that the Marquis's safety is endangered, until François claims the authorship, having discovered that Fanchon is the long-lost daughter of the Marquis. The storming of the Bastille raises François to power, the Marquis and his sister, disguised as vendors of lemonade, are in search of Fanchon, who has resumed her occupation as a ballad-singer. Her discovery leads to a happy termination, including her union with François. The first act is altogether the strongest, the remaining portion requiring—what it has probably now received—some revision and compression. Some of the musical numbers produced a very favourable impression, particularly the songs for Fanchon—"I've songs for all the seven ages," "The little sailor," "When love once blooms," and "Let all be drinking"—her duet, "The writing lesson" with François, their love-duet, and the female chorus, "Take these roses"—not to mention other instances. Miss Kate Santley sang and acted well as Fanchon. Mr. Deane Brand, as François, achieved a genuine success by the display of an excellent tenor voice. Mr. Ashley was amusing as the Marquis, as was Mr. G. Honey as Jasmin; Miss Mulholland was a good representative of the Countess, the Marquis's sister; and minor parts were sufficiently well sustained—indeed, the performance was generally efficient.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's performance of "The Messiah" on Good Friday, conducted by Mr. Barnby, was an especially fine one, and drew a very large attendance. Madame Albani sang the soprano solo music with exquisite taste and expression; and Miss Hilda Wilson justified the prominent position she has recently obtained by her fine delivery of the contralto music. Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. W. Mills were, respectively, efficient in the tenor and bass solos. It is scarcely necessary to say that the sublime choruses were impressively rendered. Dr. Stainer presided, as usual, at the organ.

Madame Frickenhaus (pianist) and Herr Ludwig (violinist) announce a series of four chamber concerts, to be given at

Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the evenings of May 14 and 23, June 11 and 25.

The London branch of the United Richard Wagner Society has issued a circular stating that a reserve fund has been established for the purpose of perpetuating the principles to which Wagner's life was devoted, by ensuring the periodical representation of his works "under conditions identical with those which he himself had inaugurated in 1876." Bayreuth has been selected for the performances. It is presumed that in England there must be many admirers willing to assist in this work, and the London branch is intended to serve as a rallying point for the followers of Wagner resident in this country. With this in view, lectures, readings, and conversaciones are to be given this year. The society has 181 branches and agencies in Europe and America, with a total of 5124 members. The Earl of Dysart is president of the English branch, the committee consisting of Mr. Walter Bache, Mr. A. Birnsting, Mr. J. Cyriax, Mr. A. Forman, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Mr. A. J. Hopkins, Mr. F. Praeger, Mr. F. Schuster, Mr. C. Dowdeswell, and Mr. B. L. Mosley.

The Queen has granted permission to Mr. A. J. Caldicott, director of the music at the new Albert Palace, to introduce the chorale, "Gotha," composed by the late Prince Consort, into the ode (the words of which are by Mr. Barrett) to be performed at the approaching inaugural ceremony.

The Hereford Musical Festival of this year will take place on Sept. 8, 9, 10, and 11. The oratorio music in the cathedral will be—on the Tuesday morning, "Elijah"; Wednesday morning, Gounod's "Redemption"; evening, Spohr's "Last Judgment"; Thursday morning, Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; and on Friday morning, "The Messiah." There will be secular concerts in the County Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, the programmes of which will include two new compositions—Dr. Smith's "St. Kevin's" and Dr. Harford Lloyd's "Death of Baldwin." A closing concert of chamber music will be given on the Friday evening.

FRANZ ABT.

This celebrated musical composer died at Wiesbaden last week. He was born at Eilenburg, in Prussian Saxony, in 1819, and was intended for the Church, which destination he changed for that of the musical profession. He earned great distinction by a very large number of vocal compositions, most of which are songs chiefly for a single voice, others being for several voices. Many of the former obtained great popularity. Abt also wrote some pleasing cantatas. His music is distinguished by fluent melody of an eminently vocal character.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

We present a Portrait of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dufferin, who went to India last October as Viceroy, and who is now engaged in negotiations of great importance with the Amir Abdurrahman, ruler of Afghanistan, and in administrative business needful for the great military preparations to support British policy with reference to the safety of the Afghan frontier. Lord Dufferin's eminent services to the British Empire, as a most popular Governor-General of Canada, and as Ambassador to Russia and to Turkey, besides his special performances as political agent in settling the affairs of the Lebanon some twenty-four years ago, and two or three years ago in making inquiries and reporting upon the condition of Egypt, and the needful or desirable reforms to be attempted there, have earned him the highest reputation. The Earl of Dufferin is an Irishman, and a great-grandson of the accomplished Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He is Frederick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, only son of the third Baron Dufferin, in the Irish peerage; and his mother, the late Dowager Countess Gifford (by her second marriage), was a clever lady authoress, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and heiress to the wit, talent, and genial temper of her family, which her son has inherited in his turn. Lord Dufferin was born at Florence in 1826, succeeded to the peerage on his father's death in 1841, was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, but took no honours or degree, leaving the University early; he entered public life as a Lord-in-Waiting in Lord J. Russell's first Administration. He was attached in 1855 to Lord J. Russell's mission to Vienna; and was sent by Lord Palmerston as British Commissioner to Syria in 1860. He was Under-Secretary of State for India from 1864 to 1866, and in the War Office, subsequently, for a few months. Under Mr. Gladstone's Administration, which commenced in 1868, Lord Dufferin was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster for four years, and then assumed the direction of the Government of Canada, a post which he held until 1878. He was subsequently Ambassador at St. Petersburg from 1879 to 1881, and was appointed to Constantinople in April, 1881. The following year he went on a special mission to Egypt. He was created in 1871 a Peer of the United Kingdom, as Earl of Dufferin and Viscount Claudeboye. The noble Earl became known as an author in 1863 by his "Letters from High Latitudes," a lively narrative of a yachting tour to Iceland; his speeches also have been published; and he has written several pamphlets upon Irish questions. Lord Dufferin married, in 1862, Harriet, the eldest daughter of Captain Hamilton, of county Down, and added the name of Hamilton to his own by Royal license. His eldest son, Archibald, Lord Claudeboye, was born in 1863, and is expected to enter Parliament at the next General Election.

Our Portrait of Lord Dufferin is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Lord Randolph Churchill, after an absence from England of four months, arrived at Charing-cross station from India on Tuesday morning, and was met by several friends. His Lordship appeared to be in excellent health.

Mr. Clement Scott's lecture entitled "The Stage and the Age," recently delivered before the members of the Playgoers' Club, has been published, handsomely printed, in a neat wrapper, by Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand.

The Spring Show, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, was opened on Tuesday at Ball's Bridge. The feature of the show was the exhibition of young bulls; and amongst 124 yearlings there was scarcely one indifferent animal. In the Herefords, the Queen sent over a beautiful bull, Gladiator; and, among all the exhibits, her Majesty took three first prizes.

Part third of the "Ornamental Arts of Japan" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) contains nine superb plates in chromolithography, besides two in monochrome, accompanied by descriptions of lacquer-work, metal work, enamel, carving, &c. Part fourth, completing this magnificent work, will be issued in July.

Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly, have issued a clever etching by Walter Cox, after J. Watson Nicol. It represents a couple of jesters singing a duet, and their solemn countenances are in ludicrous contrast with their professional costume, one with upturned eyes, while he twangs his instrument, the other gravely scanning the notes on the sheet of music before him. It is a capital work.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, G.C.B., VICEROY OF INDIA.



THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.—MAKING A ROAD IN THE BOLAN PASS: BLASTING ROCKS.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT C. M. GONNE, R.A.



AN OLD SONG.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 7.

For the sake of record it may be useful to state that during the past week French politicians have given a striking instance of their devotion to party interests, and their neglect of those of the country. The reason of the prolongation of the ministerial crisis, which ended only this morning, has been the pretensions and intrigues of the powerful group of the Republican Union, which demanded a predominant place in the Cabinet for members of its own party, and, above all, control over the forthcoming general elections. These manoeuvres caused the failure of MM. De Freycinet and Constans, who were successively called upon by M. Grévy to form a Ministry; and, finally, since the twenty-four hours of patriotic frenzy which accompanied the fall of M. Ferry, so little have we heard of Tonquin that it seems almost to have been forgotten.

The new Ministry is composed as follows:—President of the Council and Justice, Brisson; Interior, Allain-Targé; Foreign Affairs, De Freycinet; Finances, Clameyron; Public Instruction, Goblet; War, General Campanon; Marine, Admiral Galiber; Commerce, Pierre Legrand; Public Works, Sadi Carnot; Agriculture, Hervé-Mangon; Posts and Telegraphs, Sarrien. This Cabinet comprises seven deputies, three Senators, and one Minister who is not in Parliament—namely, Admiral Galiber. In political tendencies it is hostile to the Opportunists—that is to say, to the Ferry party—and in its composition the group of the Radical Left is largely represented. The new Prime Minister, M. Brisson, accepted office very reluctantly, and only after M. Grévy had tried every possible resource was he at last induced, and almost forced, to take upon himself a responsibility which he is said to fear. The Reactionaries call M. Brisson the Red Dauphin, "le Dauphin rouge," in allusion to his long-cherished plan of succeeding some day M. Grévy at the Elysée. M. Eugène Henri Brisson was born at Bourges in 1835, of a legal family. He studied law at Paris, became an active Republican under the Empire, and a still more active Freemason, held a post in the *Crédit Mobilier*, wrote in the Opposition newspapers, and in 1870 he was elected Deputy for Paris. In 1876 M. Brisson was again elected member for Paris, on the presentation of the Radicals, and in 1881 he succeeded Gambetta as President of the Chamber. He is an austere man, of small talent as an orator; indeed, he has hitherto been famous principally for his silence, reserve, and severity of countenance. M. Brisson never smiles. He has never compromised himself, for the simple reason that he has avoided all situations where there was any grave responsibility to be incurred. We now see him at work for the first time, and starting with the advantage of a reputation, unique in France, for integrity of character, gravity, firmness, and implacable justice.

At the Chamber this afternoon M. Brisson read his declaration and programme to the general satisfaction. The cabinet, he said, was one of conciliation and union, whose object was to strengthen France and the Republic. As regards China, the Ministry would insist upon the execution of the treaties and the respect of the rights of France, and that, if negotiations were not sufficient to attain this end, the Ministry would pursue it with arms; not, however, changing the character of the present expedition without the consent of Parliament. The forthcoming elections, M. Brisson said, would be free, loyal, and sincere. The more that manifestations of universal suffrage were spontaneous and independent, the stronger the Republic would be and the more strongly cemented would be the union between the Republicans. After reading this declaration, M. Brisson demanded the voting of the 150,000,000f. required for pursuing the Tonquin Expedition.

The *Times* telegram, relative to the conclusion of peace between France and China, was much talked about in the lobbies this afternoon.

A new picture exhibition, which is to be annual, has been opened in the Rue de Sèze by the Société de Pastellistes. To judge from the success which the exhibition is having amongst the public and amongst the critics, the delicate art of pastel seems likely to recover the high favour which it enjoyed in the eighteenth century, when Rosalba Carriera, Latour, Peronneau, and Madame Vigée Lebrun applied pastel with such exquisite results to portrait-painting. Our modern artists not only employ pastel for portraits, but also for landscape and all kinds of subjects. The late J. De Nittis, for instance, is represented by a series of views of Paris and scenes on the Parisian race-courses, in which the figures are life-size; Raffaelli paints in pastel and on canvas the movement of the boulevards and squares; Duez depicts marines, gardens, meadows, just as J. F. Millet and Troyon reproduced in pastel some of their most famous pictures, such as "The Sower," "The Angelus," &c. The new exhibition is really most interesting, the more so as, side by side with the modern pastels executed yesterday, we are shown some hundred and fifty choice works by the famous pastellists of the last century.

The reports of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the situation of French Art-Industries give amongst the causes of the present crisis a preponderating place to the modern craze for curiosities, bibelots, old furniture, and objects of all kinds. The furniture-makers are forced to copy the furniture of the Renaissance and of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., and constantly very fine copies are sold by dealers in England as authentic old pieces. In jewellery and silversmiths' work, Paris, thanks to this demand for old work, has become a great centre of counterfeit work. In enamels and ivories, it appears, the counterfeiting reaches fantastically picturesque degrees. The enamels, made to order by the Parisian artists, are bought at modest trade prices by unscrupulous dealers, taken to Amsterdam to be treated, and then sold for fabulous prices to collectors. Gothic and Renaissance ivories are treated in the same way; and in every branch of art-industry, progress and originality are shown by these reports to be paralysed by the craze for old things. The counterfeiting of old work puts an end to serious production, and is of profit only to the intermediary, and not to the maker. On the other hand, owing to the disdain in which modern work is held, workmen and artists belonging to the industries which are affected by counterfeiting no longer find work, and have to change their trade. Hence it is to be feared that, unless this unreasonable craze for old bibelots and worm-eaten furniture goes out of fashion very soon, Paris will gradually see the disappearance of those art-industries which have hitherto been her glory and her fortune.

T. C.

The Emperor of Germany and his family yesterday week attended Divine service in the Imperial Castle, where, later, a family dinner was given.—Prince Von Bismarck's seventieth birthday was celebrated by national festivities in Germany on the 1st inst. His Highness was honoured by a visit from the Emperor and all the Princes of the Royal House at eleven a.m., and received deputations throughout the rest of the day. More than a thousand congratulatory telegrams and letters were received by him. Prince Von Bismarck has taken possession of Schoenhausen, the estate presented to him by the German nation.—The death is announced of the German

General Vogel Von Falkenstein, who was born in the same year as the Emperor, and had therefore reached his eighty-eighth year.

After a protracted discussion, the Jersey States on Tuesday rejected a bill for expelling the Jesuits from the island.

The Danish Rigsdag was prorogued on the 1st inst. by the King. His Majesty also issued a decree provisionally authorising the expenditure by the Government of such sums as may be necessary for carrying on the public service.

The King and Queen of Sweden passed through Vienna last Saturday en route for Bucharest. Their Majesties will there await news of their second son, who is lying ill with typhoid fever at Constantinople. Should the tidings received be favourable, the King and Queen will return to Stockholm; otherwise, they will continue their journey to Constantinople. The Emperor called upon the Royal travellers at the Hôtel Impérial, and King Oscar returned the Kaiser's visit shortly afterwards.

The Russian Imperial family arrived at St. Petersburg last Saturday from Gatchina. They attended the solemn Easter Mass celebrated at midnight in the church of the Winter Palace.

The United States Senate has confirmed most of President Cleveland's nominations to offices abroad.—Mr. Henry Irving concluded his New York engagement last Saturday night before a crowded audience. He was given a farewell banquet on Monday evening at Delmonico's, attended by about two hundred prominent persons, and sailed for England on Tuesday in the Arizona.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, on Monday received a cable message from the Canadian Government stating that troops were being transported to the North-West by the "all-Canadian" route, north of Lake Superior, with satisfactory speed. Batteries from Quebec and Kingston had arrived at Winnipeg, and other troops were following them closely. It is stated that the number of the disaffected Indians is 2000. The United States Government is actively co-operating with Canada in the suppression of the rebellion.

President Barrios, of Guatemala, has been killed in a battle between his troops and those of San Salvador, in which the latter were completely victorious. An armistice for a month has been agreed upon. At Aspinwall 10,000 persons are homeless, and the losses caused by the burning of the town are estimated at 4,000,000 dols.

From Hong-Kong we learn that the British flag has been hoisted on Port Hamilton, an island of the Korean Archipelago. This latest acquisition of territory, although small in area, is of both significance and importance in other points more essential to the interest of the country. Situated between two diminutive islands due south of Corea, this harbour will, in fact, constitute a new coaling station in the Far East.

THE CHURCH.

On Tuesday morning the Archbishop of York preached in Beverley Minster, on the opening of the enlarged organ, which was played by Dr. Naylor, organist of York Minster, and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" was sung by a choir of one hundred voices.

At Exeter Cathedral on Tuesday the Dean and Chapter unanimously elected Dr. Bickersteth Bishop of Exeter, in the room of Dr. Temple, transferred to London; and on Wednesday the enthronement of Dr. Temple took place in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Bishop of Southwell has reopened the ancient church of Farnley, after complete restoration, the expense of which was borne by three of the parishioners.

The Rev. Joseph Cooper Lintott, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, has been appointed by the Bishop of Rochester to the Vicarage of St. Philip's, Battersea.

Dr. Darnford, Bishop of Chichester, was yesterday week seized with illness while officiating in the cathedral of the diocese. In the evening, however, he had considerably improved.

The services appropriate to Good Friday in the metropolitan churches were attended by large and devout congregations. At the early celebration of the communion at St. Paul's Cathedral, a man advanced to the altar, seized the chalice containing the consecrated wine, and dashed it to the ground. He was proceeding to commit further outrages when he was arrested and removed to a police station. He has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The Easter Sunday festival was celebrated with its usual heartiness and joyousness in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the other London churches.

The Bishop of Rochester, in an address to his clergy on confirmation, says:—"Occasionally, and almost more frequently in the poorer than the richer parishes, I have regretted to observe a growing tendency to showy finery in the dress of the female candidates. Mock pearls in the humblest class, white satin shoes in the higher—which on a bleak March day makes one tremble for the poor girl's health—should gently but firmly be eschewed. Nothing would distress me more than to have to send a candidate back for showy or tawdry apparel. But for example's sake it may be necessary for me to do it."

The Church of St. Saviour, Bath, has been enriched by the filling of the great east window with painted glass from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street. The window is of seven lights, and represents six subjects in the life of the Saviour, being the gift of Mrs. Beaumont, in memory of her husband.—A handsome three-light painted window—subject, "The Good Shepherd"—has been erected in the parish church of Illogan, Cornwall, to the memory of the late Rector, the Rev. J. G. Wulff, and his wife, by the Rev. and Mrs. Vyvyan Popham. The work, which is worthy of note both for artistic treatment and colouring, was supplied by Messrs. Lavers, Westlake, and Barrand, of Endell-street, Bloomsbury.

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OBITUARY.

EARL CAIRNS.

The Right Hon. Sir Hugh MacCalmont Cairns, Earl Cairns,



Viscount Garmoye, and Baron Cairns, of Garmoye, in the county of Antrim, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at Lindisfarne, Bournemouth, on the 2nd inst. This great lawyer and statesman was born in

December, 1819, the second son of Mr. William Cairns, of Parkmount, in the county of Antrim, by Rosanna, his wife, daughter of Mr. Hugh Johnson; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1844, appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1856, and made a Bench of Lincoln's Inn in the same year. He was Solicitor-General from February, 1858, to June, 1859; and Attorney-General from July to October, 1866, when he became a Lord Justice of Appeal. On Feb. 29, 1868, and again in 1874, he was raised to the Woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England. He had been previously created, Feb. 27, 1867, a Peer as Baron Cairns, of Garmoye. His Lordship was Chancellor and LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, and received (*honoris causa*) the degree of LL.D. from Cambridge in 1862 and of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1863. Before his elevation to the Bench he sat in the House of Commons as member for Belfast, 1852 to 1866; was knighted in 1858; and made Viscount and Earl, Sept. 27, 1878. He married, May 9, 1856, Mary Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. John McNeill, of Parkmount, in the county of Antrim, and leaves surviving issue, Arthur William, Viscount Garmoye, now second Earl Cairns, born Dec. 21, 1861, three other sons, and two daughters, of whom the elder, Lady Lillias Charlotte, is wife of the Rev. H. Neville Sherbrooke.

COLONEL DE COURCY.

Colonel Nevinston Willoughby De Courcy, C.B., late Royal Marine Light Infantry, died on the 31st ult., in his sixty-second year. He was second son of the late Captain Nevinston De Courcy, R.N., K.T.S., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Blennerhassett, of Ballyseedy, and was grandson of Admiral the Hon. Michael De Courcy, third son of the twenty-fifth Lord Kingsale. He entered the Royal Marines in 1841, and retired as Colonel in 1877. He served in Japan, 1864 to 1866, and in the Ashantee war, 1873-4. Colonel De Courcy married, 1866, Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. William Cooke, Madras C.S., and leaves one son.

COLONEL COLE.

Colonel Arthur Lowry Cole, C.B., late 17th Regiment, died on the 30th ult., in his sixty-eighth year. He was eldest son of the gallant Peninsular commander the Hon. Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, G.C.B., by Frances, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Malmesbury; and was grandson of the first Earl of Enniskillen. He commanded the 17th Regiment at the siege of Sebastopol, and at the assault on the Redan. For these services he received the Crimean medal with clasp, the Turkish medal, the Medjidieh (fifth class), and the Companionship of the Bath. He married, in 1854, Elizabeth Frances, daughter of Vice-Admiral Villiers Francis Hatton, and leaves issue.

Dr. George Pearce, late of the Madras Medical Service and Hon. Physician to the Queen, on the 28th ult., aged eighty-eight.

Dr. Robert Aston Coffin, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, on the 6th inst., at Teignmouth, after a long illness.

Mr. Alan Ker, for many years a Puisne Judge of Jamaica, at Kingston, in that island, on the 20th ult., aged sixty-five. Called to the Bar in 1842, was Attorney-General of Antigua, 1851 to 1854, and was subsequently Chief Justice of Nevis and Chief Justice of Dominica until 1861, when he was made a Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Jamaica.

General Sir James Edward Alexander, C.B., F.R.S. Edin., K.C.L.S., of Westerton, Bridge of Allan, on the 2nd inst., at Ryde, at the age of eighty-two. He served in the first Burmese, the Persian, Turkish, Portuguese, and Kaffir wars; in the African Expedition in 1836-7 he penetrated to the interior of that continent, and with the North-American exploring and surveying party, in 1847-9, explored the forests of New Brunswick. He afterwards served in the Crimean war, and commanded the troops in the province of Auckland, New Zealand, for some time during the Maori war of 1860-1. He received seven war medals, and was awarded a distinguished service reward.

AN OLD SONG.

It may also be said that the singer, though not an old lady, but an amiable young one, is accompanying her voice with a rather old-fashioned instrument. We do not so often hear, in this generation, as our grandfathers and grandmothers used to do, the light melodious twang of the guitar, or that of the more stately harp, which used to go so harmoniously with a vocal performance. "In the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago," in the pleasant woodland picnics of summers that shone more brightly "when we were young, as we once have been," the guitar, being a portable instrument, was much in favour by way of enlivening outdoor social festivities with pleasant music. It could, again, be very easily carried at night under the short cloak which a gentleman might wear, and not make an eccentric figure, some forty years since; and it was then found most convenient for the purpose of a serenade. "Meet me by moonlight alone," is an air which some good ladies, now elderly matrons, can possibly remember to have heard played and sung beneath their windows. There are romantic personal reminiscences, and tender feelings not yet wholly extinguished, in many a living breast, associated with the tones of the guitar, though connoisseurs of music esteem it a poor tinkling toy. As for the old song which this lady is singing, it may be any one of many old songs, now too seldom heard—those of Moore, Byron, Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., and other true lyrical poets, set to music which was tuneful, rich in original melody, and often most affecting. It is doubtful whether the present age has provided itself with new songs better than those of old.

Lord Leigh presided at a meeting of the general committee for the restoration of St. Michael's, Coventry, recently held at St. Mary's Hall. A discussion took place concerning the disposal of the peal of bells, which, if retained, would require the erection of a second tower. The monetary question was the difficulty in the way, and Mr. Woodcock, of Coventry (who is a subscriber of £10,000 to the Restoration Fund), said, assuming that a good tower could be put up for £8000, he was prepared to give half of it. It was resolved, in order to ascertain the money which would be required, to invite tenders for the work from Mr. Thompson, of Peterborough, and a sub-committee was appointed to select the stone.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria, with Princess Beatrice, arrived at Aix-les-Bains on Wednesday evening, the 1st inst., and drove at once to the Villa Mottet. The railway station was gaily decorated for the occasion, and a guard of honour, composed of a detachment of dragoons from Chambéry and of the Garde Mobile, from Paris, was in attendance. But, at the express desire of her Majesty, there was no official reception. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to the Col du Chat on the 3rd inst. The Princess afterwards walked out with Lady Churchill. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, drove to the Château Bordeaux. Last Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to the Maison du Diable, the residence of Lady Whalley. The Princess afterwards walked out. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess drove out, attended by Lady Churchill. The weather was beautifully fine. Divine service was held at the Villa Mottet on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen of the household. The Rev. D. Lancaster M.A. officiated, assisted by the Rev. D. Lact. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess, has taken several drives in the beautiful neighbourhood, including Marlioz, Bourjet, St. Innocent, &c. On Monday and Tuesday, morning and afternoon, the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty daily receives a large number of telegrams, and a special office has been established to enable them to be received and delivered with the greatest rapidity. The Queen enjoys excellent health.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud arrived at Sandringham on Tuesday for the Easter recess. Prince George of Wales arrived there on Thursday morning from Greenwich, having completed his studies at the Royal Naval College, and passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant. Their Royal Highnesses were present at Divine service on Good Friday. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached. On Monday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. In the evening the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, were present at the Prince's Theatre, and witnessed the performance of Mrs. Langtry as Lady Ormonde in "Peril." On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, started on their visit to Ireland, and received their first public reception on landing at Kingstown the following morning. Prince George of Wales will join the Excellent, gunnery-ship, at Portsmouth to-day (Saturday), to go through a course of training—first in torpedo, next in gunnery, and lastly in pilotage.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Russian Ambassador and attended by a suite, honoured the performance at the St. James's Theatre with her presence on Monday evening.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, April 8.

After a substantial rebound as the result of a belief that the difficulty with Russia was in prospect of being arranged, we are once more filled with misgiving, and some of last week's advance is now being lost. On balance, however, the gain is considerable, and we may hope that diplomacy may yet devise a peaceful settlement. But waiting this result, investments must drag, and it is very difficult to find employment for money for short periods. While the Bank of England rate of discount is $3\frac{1}{2}$, the actual working rate is not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$, and short loans are quoted 2.

A considerable movement has taken place in Grand Trunk Railway stocks, the "bears" having been frightened into buying back on the publication of the working statement for February, which showed some improvement upon the January return. More recently, the prices have gained ground in connection with a report that the accounts will show that the dividends proposed do not adequately represent the earning result of the period covered, as a large sum has been applied to special account. As to this point, it is now made no secret that of £100,000 spent in renewals to the extent of £60,000 has been charged to the past half-year, and that the dividend on the first preference is reduced to that extent. The directors will probably explain in their report how it is, that while in recent half-years reserve funds and "plums" have been applied in aid of dividend, the very bad half-year under notice has been made to bear such an exceptional charge. No doubt there are sufficient reasons, but do the directors enough appreciate the importance to shareholders of the dividends being kept as even as circumstances will permit? It is manifestly impossible for investors to keep in a company whose first preference stock falls from 119 to 47 within less than two years, and that on dividend result only.

That Russia has resolved to tax the coupons of her internal loans is openly stated and accepted; but it is not yet officially announced. If it take place, it is evidence of the necessitous condition of the Russian Treasury; but it is no violation of contract. The purely foreign loans, such as the sterling issues known here, are not likely to be touched, and it is held by all countries that national stock is as open to be taxed as any other source of income. Foreign holders of Consols pay income tax, and the performances of Italy and Austria in that direction are notorious.

It is further evidence of the more ordinary conditions of business which now prevail that the directors of the Bank of Germany have just seen their way to reduce the rate of discount from 5 per cent, to which it was raised on the 10th ult., to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This relief is probably due to the extent to which German holders of Russian bonds have been able recently to borrow in London.

It is officially announced by cable that the Southern Pacific Railway Company have leased the Central Pacific Company on terms which, in the minimum, appear to secure to the ordinary stockholders of the former 2 per cent dividends. British investors are more concerned in Central stocks than in the Southern stocks. The Central Pacific Company have paid no ordinary dividend for a year past; but for some time previously paid 6 per cent. The Southern Pacific Company are also not paying dividend on ordinary capital. Under these circumstances, the security for the leasing terms is in need of explanation.

It is expected that, during the present Session of Parliament, Lord Kimberley will be able to get an Act to permit the creation of India stock in exchange for Eastern Bengal Railway Annuities. The terms of conversion are not yet indicated.

T. S.

In the course of a pawnbroking case, heard at Bow-street Police Court on Tuesday, it was alleged that a gang of persons has been engaged in manufacturing sovereigns and articles of jewellery of what was called "mystery gold," a composition of platinum, tin, and copper, which stands the ordinary acid tests and weighs as much as pure gold.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

The *Cornhill* is chiefly remarkable for the commencement of a new fiction, "Court Royal," by the author of "Mehalah." So far as it has proceeded, it is the story of a little girl left in pawn with a Jewish broker by her mother, after an unsuccessful attempt to drown her, and known by the number of her ticket as "Six Hundred and Seventeen." Anything more glaringly improbable can hardly be imagined, unless it be the pawnbroker's own character and style of speech. So forcible, however, is the language, and so vivid the presentment of the situation, that the reader's attention is invited from the first, and, once fairly begun, the tale is not likely to be laid aside. "Rainbow Gold" is continued with its accustomed remarkable cleverness. There are also entertaining papers on the "Fire Brigade" and on "Antediluvian Monsters," the latter contending that animals now exist—chiefly, indeed, among the cetacea—equal in bigness to any that the earth has seen. "Mrs. Wilmington's Garden Party" is a light little comedy-story of a class abundantly represented in the *Cornhill*.

The continuation of Mrs. Ritchie's "Mrs. Dymond," in *Macmillan*, contains a beautiful portrait, in the authoress's best style, of a French socialistic enthusiast, simple-minded and gentle-hearted, but of highly refined intellect, at once practical and unpractical. The young engraver, the worldly publisher, and the feeble old colonel—a fine man in decay—are also admirably depicted. "March in Magna Gracia" is full of picturesque sketches of the wild scenery, old towns and castles, and partly Saracen population of Apulia. "The Astrology of Shakespeare" teems with interesting citations proving the indebtedness of poetry to astrology, with the outlines of which Shakespeare must have been well acquainted; but his serious belief would be too hastily inferred from his employment of popular language and popular notions. Mr. Morley, in his review of Mark Pattison's memoirs, seems to us forgetful of the maxim that every man must have the defects of his qualities. Pattison's special mission to maintain a high and pure standard of scholarship almost required the sensitive and fastidious temperament which, so much to Mr. Morley's dissatisfaction, impaired his capacity for "fight" and "mastery."

Longmans' Magazine is strong in fiction with the continuation of Mr. Black's picturesque "White Heather," and the commencement of a new story, "Prince Otto," by R. L. Stevenson—a pure ideal romance, and, as such, occupying a quite exceptional position among the serial fiction of the day. The style is very beautiful: the plot is not yet sufficiently developed for criticism. There is nothing else of much account in the number, except Mr. O'Donoghue's panegyric of Irish popular poetry. The specimens adduced amply prove his case; but he must forgive us for deeming that Irish poets have greatly profited by learning to write English.

Blackwood also is chiefly dependent upon its fiction—the continuation of "The Waters of Hercules," and the commencement of a new and not unpromising tale, "Fortune's Wheel." The only other contributions of mark are memoirs of two soldiers—the unfortunate Venetian condottiere, Carmagnola, and Sir Herbert Stewart.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is as rich in illustration as usual; but contains little of literary interest except the continuation of Bret Harte's story "A Ship of '49," which has all the indescribable originality and peculiar power of the gifted author's earlier fictions. The most remarkable of the illustrations are Mr. Crane's quaint, but fanciful and taking, designs for "The Sirens Three."

The interest of the *Fortnightly Review* is mainly political. Colonel Hozier and an anonymous field-officer expatiate on the enormous military strength of England, and the way in which it is allowed to remain useless for want of a little judicious outlay in the right direction. Mr. Caillard treats of Albania and the Albanians from personal knowledge, and throws out the idea that annexation to Austria would not be unpopular with the people. Mr. Broadley forcibly dwells on the danger to English interests in North Africa from French intrigue. Perhaps, however, our neighbours will think they have enough upon their hands already in Tonquin. Mr. Jephson advocates the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty; and Mr. O'Hara thinks that a new era would dawn for Ireland if the landlords were bought out on fair terms. Possibly; but it is a weak point in Mr. O'Hara's scheme that it involves the advance of one third of the requisite two hundred and ten millions by the British taxpayer, who is assured that he will recover the amount out of the savings contingent upon the abolition of the henceforth unnecessary police. Who is to pay the retired policemen's pensions Mr. O'Hara does not inform us.

The varied contents of the *Nineteenth Century* include a statesman-like paper on the Afghan difficulty by Sir Henry Rawlinson, two diametrically contradictory deliverances on the advantages of an alliance with Turkey, strategic considerations by Mr. Archibald Forbes on the proper line to be adopted in case of invasion; and observations by Mr. Andrew Lang on the extraordinary resemblances found among the ghost stories of all countries, civilised and savage. More interesting than any of these are Mr. Stannard's reminiscences of General Gordon when in command of the Engineers at Gravesend, which contribute to heighten the popular estimate of his disinterested unselfishness and his strange power over men. His was a character which owed nothing to circumstances or education, a natural force impossible to replace. Mr. Joseph Reinach admits that the cause of England in Egypt has become the cause of Christendom, and offers the alliance of France in return for "a financial scheme based upon principles of justice and equity," which he omits to define.

The *Contemporary Review* contains several articles of importance, especially Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Comment on Christmas," beautifully written, but beyond the range of our commentary. Professor Dowden writes admirably on Shakespeare's women; Mr. R. L. Stevenson sets up a high standard of rhythmical finish, in style involving, we fear, the frequent sacrifice of matter to manner, and therefore not likely to be acknowledged by robust writers; Sir John Lubbock puts the objections to a second Khartoum expedition with great force; and Mr. Fowler attributes the present low prices mainly to the influence of railways and telegraphs in diminishing the cost of carriage and augmenting supply.

The *National Magazine*, which appears in a primrose-coloured cover in honour of Lord Beaconsfield, has simultaneously improved the quality of its articles—mostly political, and distinguished by real vigour of expression. By far the most remarkable of the non-political contributions is a racy paper, by the Rev. G. F. Browne, on "Archaeological Frauds in Palestine," rendering full justice to M. Clermont-Ganneau's services in their detection, but exposing his ill-feeling towards his antiquarian confederates.

The principal article in *Harper* is one of especial interest to English readers—a beautifully illustrated account of Sandringham, with full, but not over-full, particulars of the daily pursuits of the Prince and Princess. "Some Richmond Portraits" perpetuate charming faces; and a tour in North Germany, and a collection of Chinese porcelain, provide ample

material for illustration. The most interesting contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* are the continuations of Miss O'Meara's account of Madame Moli's salon, and that of the Tennessee fiction, by "Egbert Craddeek," who now appears to be a lady. Besides the continuation of Mr. Henry James's "Bostonians," one of his best works, the *Century* contains three articles of especial interest. Mr. Howells sketches Medicean Florence with great power, but with considerable injustice to Lorenzo De' Medici, who could hardly be expected to give up the power he had inherited from his father. Mr. Roosevelt, depicting the ignorance and venality of the New York State Legislature in the most vivid colours, nevertheless leaves an impression that the better elements are in a fair way to prevail. Admiral Pater's narrative of the capture of the defences of New Orleans, assisted by graphic illustrations, shows how heavily armed fortifications may be silenced by a cloud of mosquito-like mortar-boats.

Temple Bar is chiefly remarkable for a paper on Georges Sand—not over accurate, since it makes "Jacques" and "Consuelo" to be written in the year after her breach with Alfred De Musset; and a singularly cavilling and carping one upon George Eliot, who is gravely censured, among other things, for having sent copies of her books to Mr. Lewes's friends before she was herself acquainted with them. The *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Belgravia* provide plenty of entertaining reading: the best things being the continuation of Cecil Power's "Babylon" in the latter, and Mr. Grant Allen's pretty scientific story, "Professor Milliter's Dilemma."

The *Art-Journal* is of average quality, the number not being at all strengthened by the steel plate of "The Courtship of William II. of Orange." Mr. Joseph Hutton contributes an interesting article on "Club-land."

The *Magazine of Art* has an excellently illustrated article on the rivers and coast of Suffolk, two portraits of Peg Woffington, with an interesting account of that famous actress, and a capital engraving from the powerful picture called "The Petition," by Jooselin De Jong.

The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides The Magazine of Art, are—Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakespeare, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, Life and Words of Christ, Little Folks' Magazine, Cassell's Popular Educator, and Our Own Country.

Among Fashion Books received are—*Moniteur de la Mode*, *Le Pollet*, *The Season*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, *World of Fashion*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*. A word of praise may justly be given in passing to an illustrated list of Spring and Summer fashions, issued by Messrs Spence and Co., of St. Paul's-churchyard.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of Time, The Red Dragon, The Scottish Geographical Magazine, London Society, The Argosy, The Month, Good Words, The Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Eastward Ho! The Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, The Theatre, St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Illustrated Science Monthly, Technical Journal, Baptist Magazine, Christian Treasury, Sunday Talk, Babyhood (an excellent periodical, published in New York), and The Rosebud.

PESHAWUR, NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

The frontier town of British India, Peshawur, eighteen miles from the eastern entrance of the Khyber Pass to Cabul, was founded in the sixteenth century by the Mogul Emperor Akbar, and under the reigns of his successors became an important city. It has nearly sixty thousand inhabitants at the present day, of whom not above seven or eight thousand are Hindus, the great majority being Mohammedans, with some Sikhs and other natives of the Punjab. It is the capital of a large administrative district of that province, extending fifty or sixty miles, situated west of the river Indus, and bounded on three sides by the Khyber, Mohmand, Swat, and Khattak hills, with a population of nearly half a million. It is connected by railway with Lahore and with Calcutta. The country around is fertile, well watered, and cultivated for grain and various fruits. There are manufactures of woollen cloth, silk, and carpets, and these employments are made to contribute to the discipline and support of the Government prison, as is shown in our illustrations, which include also two views of the cloth-market and the silk-market in the town. The prisoners whose figures are here introduced, some weaving striped druggets or "durees," others making carpets at an upright loom, are criminals under sentence for robbery and other ordinary offences. Several of them belong to the hill tribe of Afgeedis, whose wild habits formerly caused the Punjab Government much trouble. They are dressed in blanket clothing of their own manufacture; and it would be well if they carried similar industry to their native hill villages after their release.

The Great Eastern Company's new section between Fordham and Mildenhall has been opened throughout for traffic.

The new gallery of Cetacea (whales and dolphins) at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has been opened.

It is stated that the project for an International Exhibition, to be held in Edinburgh in 1886, has been received with general approval.

Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., on Tuesday opened the new premises of the Exeter Literary Society and addressed the company on the great value of literary taste and development.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., Postmaster-General, at Reading last week, alluded to his proposals for cheap telegrams, and said he hoped to popularise the parcels post, and to adapt it to international use.

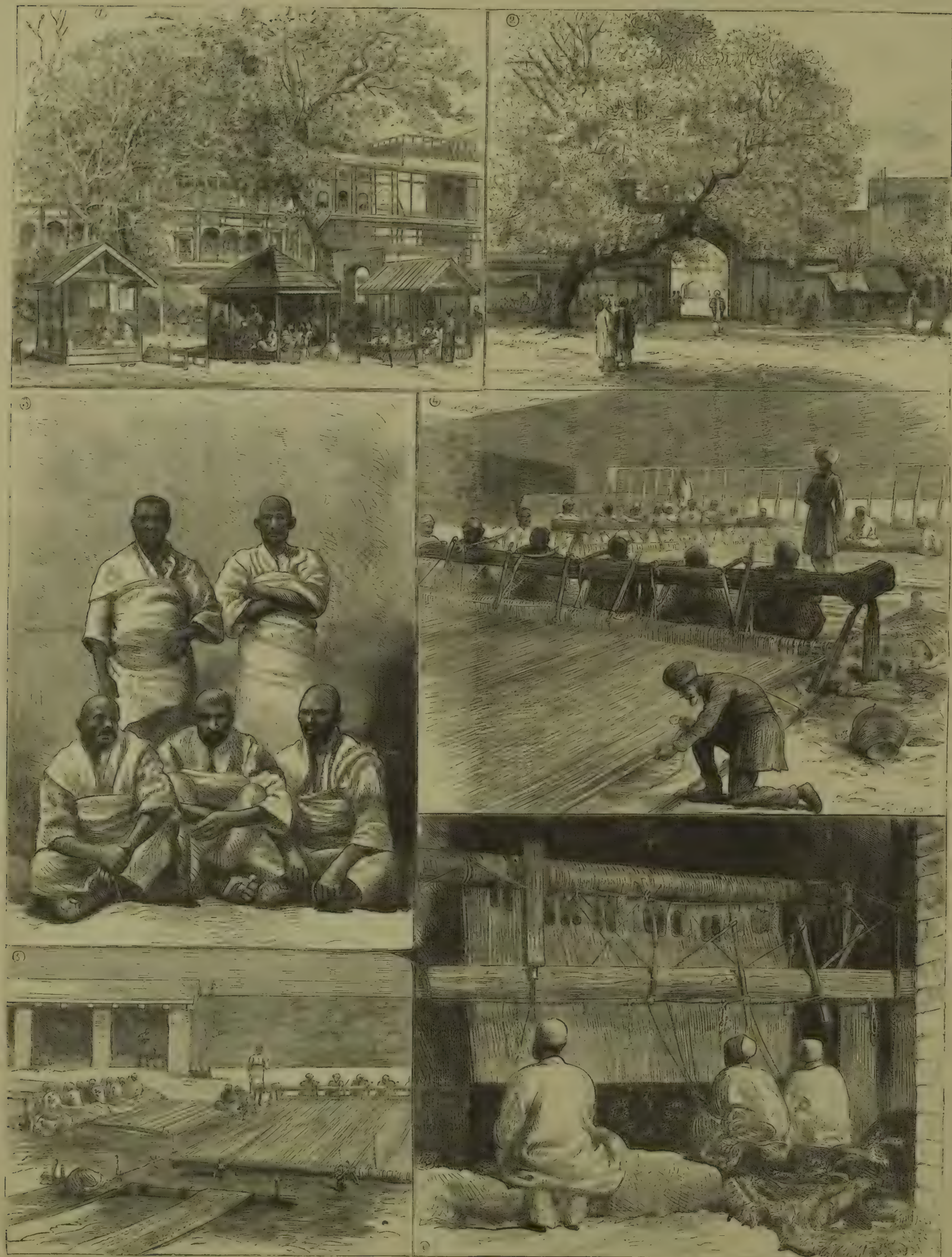
The secretary of the Institute of Civil Engineers is instructed to say that after the dinner of the members on the 29th inst. there will be an informal private view of the Inventions Exhibition, more particularly of the electric lighting arrangements.

Mr. George Anderson, lately one of the members for Glasgow, has been presented with an address and a cheque for £1500, as a mark of the appreciation of the citizens of Glasgow for his faithful devotion to duty during the seventeen years he represented the constituency.

An excellent variety entertainment was prepared at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo-road, for Easter week, including the "Night Watch in Egypt"—the usual science lecture and ballad concert being discontinued in its favour. These will, however, be resumed next week, and be continued during the rest of the season.

The Revenue Returns for the financial year, as well as for the quarter ending on March 31, were published last week. The receipts for the quarter were £29,371,714, an increase of £2,533,227 as compared with the same period in 1884, while the revenue for the year was £88,043,140, a net increase of £837,926.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

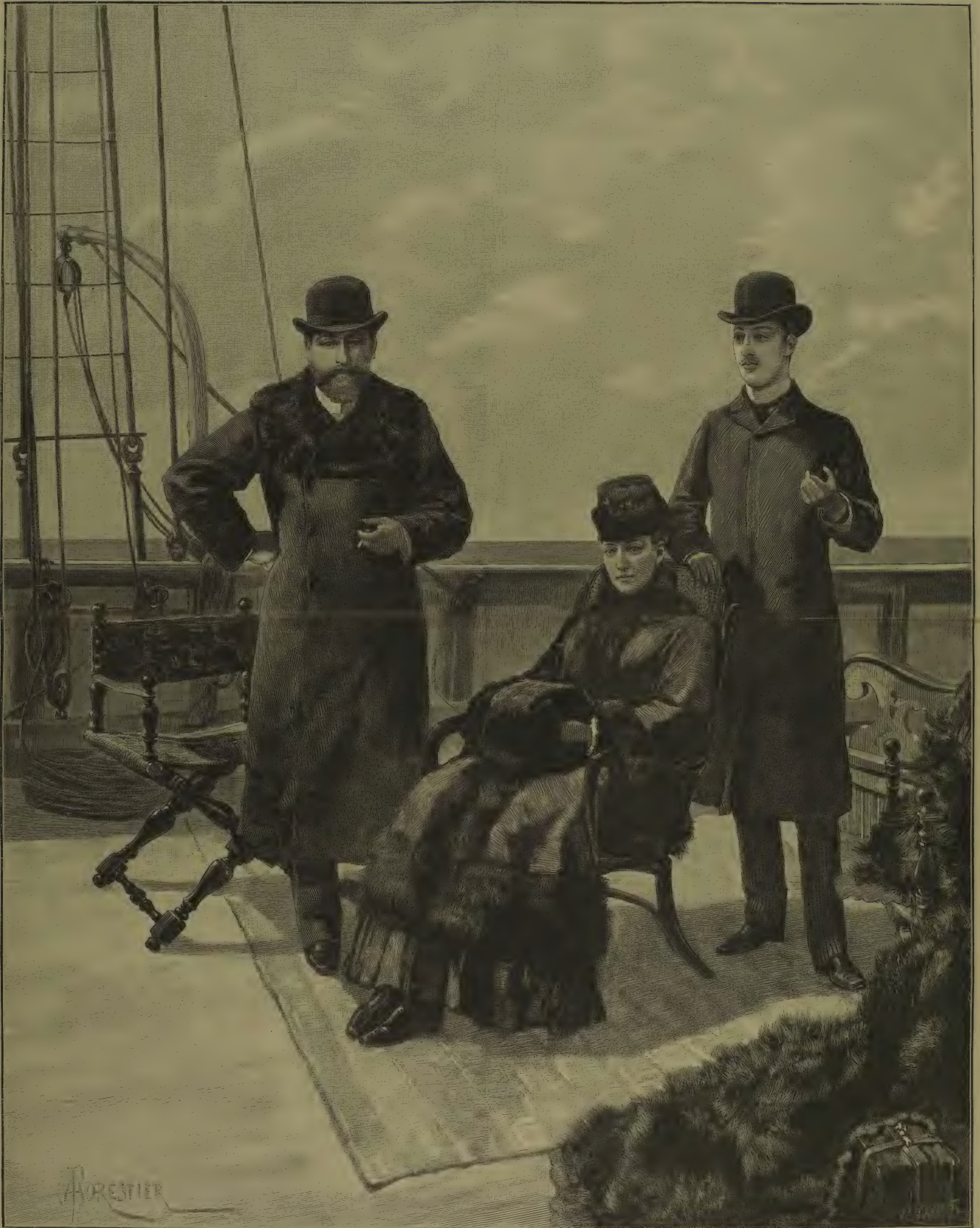


1. Cloth Market in the Town of Peshawur.
1. Making "Durrees" or Druggets.

2. Silk Market, showing Gateway into Cloth Market.
5. Manufacture of Drugget, showing the striped red and blue portion.

3. Afreedi Prisoners in the Jail.
6. Prisoners Making Carpets.

CARPET-WEAVING BY CONVICTS, IN THE JAIL AT PESHAWUR.



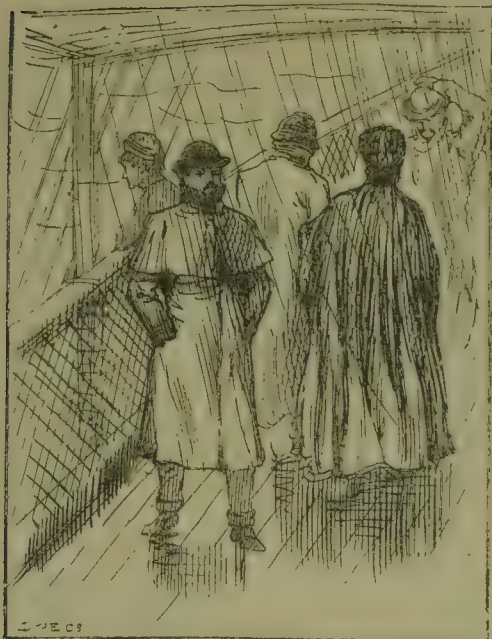
THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



APRIL, 1885.



SKETCHES ON BOARD THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP ETRURIA.



LOWER DECK.

In September, 1884, Messrs. John Elder and Co. launched from their yard at Govan a large steel screw-steamer for the Cunard Company, to supplement their service of express steamers between Liverpool and New York. The dimensions of the vessel are:—Length over all, 520 ft.; breadth, extreme, 57 ft. 3 in.; depth to upper-deck, 41 ft., and to promenade-deck, 49 ft.; with a gross tonnage of about 8000 tons. She is entirely built of steel throughout, and is divided into ten water-tight compartments, most of the bulkheads being carried up to the upper-deck, and fitted with water-proof and fireproof doors, giving access from one part of the ship to the other. By this arrangement the danger of fire spreading, should it break out in any division of the ship, is removed as far as possible, and greater safety is obtained by being able to isolate any apartment for sanitary purposes, or in case of damage to the hull and the compartment being flooded. The special care taken in providing for the safety of the ship and the lives on board entitles her to rank as a transport of the highest class, and she is entered on the Admiralty list, being specially constructed for the requirements of the "service" for mercantile auxiliaries in the time of war. She has five decks in all, including the promenade-deck, which extends over the breadth of the vessel for nearly 300 ft. amidships, and would be reserved for the use of first class passengers. The first class accommodation forms a special feature, and occupies the whole of the main and lower decks, with the exception of the portion set apart for the use of the crew. Altogether, accommodation can be provided for 720 first class passengers, the largest part of which is arranged for two-berth state-rooms only, which are replete with all fittings usual in the highest class of passenger steamers—a number of the rooms being fitted en suite for family use. The engines are made to indicate upwards of 14,000-horse power. They are compound, having three inverted cylinders—one high pressure 71 in. in diameter,

and two low pressure each 105 in. in diameter. The high-pressure cylinder is placed between the two low-pressure cylinders, and all are adapted to a stroke of 6 ft.

The Etruria, of which we give an illustration, besides a few sketches of the ordinary passenger accommodation, drawn by an artist who accompanied her trial-trip, is one of the steamships of different lines now selected by the Admiralty for temporary Government service as armed cruisers, and probably, in some instances, for the transport of troops. It was announced a week or two since that the Government had, in view of possible hostilities, secured four of the most modern, swiftest, and largest steamers in the British mercantile marine for warlike purposes.

Messrs. Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, who have been entrusted with the work by the Admiralty, have already begun the alterations that are found indispensable to convert the National Line steamer America into a ship-of-war. Built under the supervision of the Admiralty, all the great Atlantic liners are well adapted for the service for which the America, the



SMOKING SALOON.

with four five-inch Vavasseur guns, two on the fore-castle and two on the poop; six 61-pounder guns, on the main deck, three on each side of the ship; six Nordenföldt machine-guns, three on each side, on the upper deck; and four pinnaces for torpedo service. The intended armament of the Etruria cannot yet be precisely described. Mr. Mitchell, of the

Admiralty, is superintending the equipment of the vessels in the Mersey.

Our Artist's Sketches of the luxurious interior arrangements for passengers, which were inspected and enjoyed on board the Etruria by the visitors during her pleasure-trip from Glasgow to the Irish coast, will find a significant contrast in the stern severity of naval and military living afloat, when the ship is prepared for Government service. There will be no pianoforte-room for ladies of musical accomplishments, or billiard-room and smoking-room for gentlemen desirous to kill their idle time on the voyage. On the lower deck, the sleeping bunks will give way to hammocks, slung up at night, which can be taken down and rolled up during the day, so as to make ample space for a large number of troops, with good ventilation and room for drill and

exercise; mess-tables will be fitted between decks for the soldiers to eat their meals. The Oregon, another ship of the Cunard Line, considered one of the swiftest steamers yet launched, having run across the Atlantic outward in six days ten hours, with nine minutes to spare, is now being taken in hand by the Company's own workmen, under their superintendent Captain Watson, in the Alexandra Dock at Liverpool. We may still hope that none of these noble vessels, built for peaceful traffic and travel over the Atlantic, will be required to encounter the cannon of an enemy's fleet or batteries, and that they will soon be restored to their original use. The Admiralty have arranged with the Cunard Company to employ two ships for at least six months, and Government will have the power of purchasing them, if their permanent acquisition be desired.



THE STEAM-SHIP ETRURIA, ENGAGED BY THE ADMIRALTY FOR AN ARMED CRUISER.

Etruria, the Oregon, and the Alaska have been chosen; but as the primary object kept in view during their construction has been to produce the best possible mercantile steamer, before they can be armed considerable modifications are necessary. The primary requirements of the Admiralty are that the ships placed on the list should have adequate stability, and be divided into numerous water-tight compartments. In order to fit them for war service, the decks must be cleared of all the handsome provision made for passengers; the state-rooms; sleeping-berths, saloons, baths, and lavatories, with their elegant decorations and upholstery, must be removed; but all this can easily be replaced when the splendid "Liners" return into their owners' hands. The America will be armed



THE MUSIC SALOON.



ENTRANCE TO DINING SALOON.

NOVELS.

Excellent authority might be given for stating that the Dutch colouring which is among the most striking characteristics of *Near Neighbours*: by Frances Mary Peard (Richard Bentley and Son), is very accurately, as it certainly is very vividly and attractively, laid on. The story resolves itself into the study of a single character, the character of a young woman, who is no doubt an angel, but a very provoking angel, such a perfect being, such a scrupulous self-analyst, such a weigher of scruples, so regardful of trifles, so self-conscious, so inclined to make mountains out of mole-hills, that practical persons will have no patience with her, and will think that to conduct the affairs of life on her principles is to make much ado about nothing, and to behave as if time were no object, as if a "man could be sure that his life would endure for a thousand long years." It is true that, by the omnipotent interposition of the novelist, she marries her gawky professor within a reasonable period; but it would have served her right if she had been obliged to remain "on the shelf" all the days of the years of her life, though she had lived to the age of "Old Parr" or of Methuselah. Self-sacrifice is all very well, but it should be practised within sensible limits: no woman is bound to sacrifice her happiness and another's for a "feckless" being like the heroine's brother, for whom a strong-minded house-keeper should at once have been provided, until he found, as he soon does find and was sure to find very speedily, an equally strong-minded and a "managing" wife to take care of him and manage him and to rule and bully his family. It is almost a sin to encourage or indulge such a father as the heroine's brother; such a man is only fit to be dressed like a "button," and set to open the door to visitors who come to call on his family, as the father of the famous painter, Mr. J. W. M. Turner, used to open the door to the patrons and friends of his distinguished son. Readers, however, have good cause to rejoice that the writer of this blameless novel, which is complete in two by no means over-laden volumes, takes a different view of things; for when once you have got over the exasperating scrupulosity of the heroine and the pettiness of the reasons advanced for her self-sacrifice, a very interesting, picturesque, and touching tale awaits your perusal, fixes your attention, commands your admiration. The most moving incidents are two: a sleighing adventure which has a tragic end, and a flood, which has both tragic and other results. In each case the Dutch colour is, of course, conspicuous; and in each case the author displays descriptive and other powers of no common order.

The Scottish folk who figure in a subordinate capacity are the most entertaining as well as the most profane, if they are not the most interesting, among the personages introduced into *Once For All*: by Max Hillary (Simpson Low and Co.), which, though it has not much substance and not much variety, is a very readable story indeed. There is a very sweet portrait of a young girl, possessed of great wealth and beauty, and so blessed by nature in the matter of phrenological "bumps" that nothing could ever "spoil" her, who is struck blind in a thunderstorm; and that is almost the only stirring occurrence in all the three volumes. The thunderstorm and its dreadful consequences are described with a considerable command of graphic force; but the strength of the novel lies chiefly in the sketches of character and in the dialogue, which is sometimes of the sentimental kind, sometimes full of playful banter, sometimes amusingly argumentative. One of the principal characters, however, a baronet who is in love with the blind heroine, is scarcely consistent with the author's conception of it: we are expressly told that the baronet was a gentleman, and he is evidently under the influence of manly and generous impulses at times, yet he is made to stoop to meannesses which such a man, according to psychological and conventional rules, could never have condescended to put in practice, either in love or war, whatever wickedness he may have been capable of. It is mean, no doubt, to turn a man out of his farm for not voting according to your dictation or wishes; but there is nothing cowardly about it, as there is about slandering a rival behind his back to win his lady-love from him, and suborning a worthless woman to bear false witness in your favour. How a penniless but well-born and well-connected young musician, who has the usual objection of the musician to have his hair cut, and who is endowed with the soul of a man and the face of a woman, falls in love with the rich heroine, to whom he gives a few lessons and who is suddenly struck blind, as aforesaid; how the musician's love is returned by the heroine, and how by scandalous misrepresentations she is induced to promise that she will marry the inconsistently portrayed baronet;—that is the main purport of the story, which is very affecting and passionately told in parts. The conclusion of it must be left to be imagined or to be discovered from personal investigation. There is also a subordinate or episodic love-story of the sprightly and comic sort; and, altogether, the novel may be described as a tale or tales of love, music, and treachery.

A very noble note is struck in *The Shadow of a Crime*: by Hall Caine (Chatto and Windus), which is a semi-historical novel, with a godlike hero, though he be but a Cumbrian dalesman, for its most prominent character. "Around a pathetic piece of jurisprudence," says the author, "I have gathered a mass of Cumbrian folk-lore and folk-talk with which I have been familiar from earliest youth." The familiarity is plainly to be perceived, without any personal knowledge of Cumberland on the reader's part, from the perfect ease and unmistakable confidence with which the author walks in paths and among scenery whither it is delightful to follow him. The piece of jurisprudence to which he refers appertains to an obsolete portion of the criminal law whereby a prisoner, who refused to plead, might be sentenced in the olden time to the singular and awful punishment of the "peine forte et dure." The prisoner, however, who died without opening his lips under this terrible torture, was understood to preserve thereby his property, or the property of his family, from confiscation, so that, if he had relatives depending upon him, he could preserve his or their estates, or both, to them by his resolute silence and his fearful sufferings. This the hero of the novel under consideration is bold enough to profess his intention of doing; and that is the cardinal incident of the story. His resolution, happily for the nerves of the reader, but unhappily for artistic completeness, is not put to the supreme test; but a compromise is effected whereby he is sentenced to a less appalling death for a vulgar murder. This unworthy compromise, though it gives the hero an opportunity of showing his calm contempt of death, cannot be accepted without protest, for it is an injustice to mention so noble a character in the same breath with so ignoble an accusation, foully false as the charge is known to the reader from the very first to be. On the whole, however, the novel is one which it does the author great honour to have written, and which it should do a reader appreciable good to read. There have been novels in which the incidents have been more stirring, in which the style of writing has been equally powerful with less exaggeration, in which the narrative has been less discursive, in which the lofty ideal has been worked up to with a closer regard for the fitness and worthiness of the surroundings; but it is very seldom indeed that there appears a novel so fine in conception,

so heroic in tone, so healthy in its associations, so attractive, and so natural in its descriptions, so altogether good, sound, and improving.

A certain sort of modern society, with what may perhaps be called—for want of a better word—its pet crazes, and with more or less recognisable portraits of celebrities who live and move and have their being therein, is hit off with great brilliancy and, one would be inclined to say, uncommon verisimilitude, in *Affinities*: by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Richard Bentley), which is very appropriately described as "a romance of to-day." At the outset we make the acquaintance of a gentleman who, not being in the very best state of health, is strangely affected by some wild strains of unearthly, mystic music, which haunt him; who falls into some sort of trance, as he sits in his dress-clothes waiting to go down to dinner at the house whither he has come to pay a visit; who in that trance sees a mysterious, a tragic vision, wherein persons and things are indelibly impressed upon his senses; and who, when he arrives in the drawing-room on the way to dinner, is startled to find himself "told off" as the escort of a young lady whom, with her large dreamy eyes and other peculiarities, he recognises at once as the principal figures in his mysterious, tragic vision. It appears, too, that she, being a young lady of fortune, has a house (though she does not reside there much, if at all, oftener than the Queen resides in the apartments which, according to the venacious Mark Tapley, she shares "by virtue of her office with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House") which, as regards its curious architecture, eccentric furniture, and general arrangements, corresponds exactly with what the gifted gentleman saw in his trance before dinner. It is useless, therefore, to suggest, that ill-health and an empty stomach could fully account for the gentleman's day-mare; what he saw had real existence, and, as the conjurers say, there was "no illusion"; and readers, therefore, have nothing for it but to surrender themselves to the novelist and submit themselves to be regaled with two volumes of occult science, psychic force, astral bodies, mesmeric influence, dominating energies, and all the rest of it, until the very dream which was dreamed at the beginning of the first volume comes true to the minutest particular at the end of the second. Be it added that the story is very well put together, the dialogue clever and impressive of its kind, the narrative written with much vivacity, the interest—such as it is—maintained with spirit.

Some stories, like the popular "Called Back," without any very remarkable literary excellence to recommend them, take the reading world by storm in consequence chiefly of one original, telling, fascinating incident; and to the category of such stories it is not improbable that *Charley Kingston's Aunt*: by Pen Oliver (Macmillan and Co.), may have to be added. At any rate, the story depends for its interest, not on the literary composition, which is strange, if not actually faulty, and not on the tale of love which is unfolded, and is quite common-place, but upon a very original and ghastly occurrence. The story shows how a medical student, whilst engaged in dissecting a "subject," accidentally discovers that he is operating upon all that remains of his affectionate aunt, from whom he had once had great expectations, who married late in life a younger man than herself, who went with him to America, and had never since been heard of or seen by any of her friends until she, or what remained of her, was forwarded from the workhouse to the hospital, to be dissected by the disappointed nephew. The idea is very horrible and repulsive; but it is treated in a manner which reduces the horror and repulsiveness to a minimum. Beyond this shocking idea, there is absolutely nothing at all remarkable about the book, nothing new in what is said or done, for the most part; but there are some fairly interesting sketches of medical students, their mode of life (when they belong to the better, the hard-working, not the rowdy, sort), the persons with whom they have to do, and one of the best known of the institutions at which they may be taught, if they will learn; and, incidentally, some very important questions connected with cerebral lesion and complete or partial, chronic or temporary, loss of memory are touched upon. Everybody must recollect or have heard what a hit was made with the series of tales which it was pretended had been taken from the "diary of a late physician," though the author of them was a doctor of laws, not of medicine; and the story under consideration, very much curtailed, might very well take a place in that series, though there is reason to suppose that the author, on this occasion, has really some connection with the medical profession.

A very pleasant, wholesome, edifying story of true love is combined with a very unpleasant and even terrible, but at the same time pathetic and, it is to be feared, truthful picture of a loveless, mercenary marriage and its consequences in the three volumes entitled *Straight as a Die*: by Mrs. Edward Kennard (Chapman and Hall), a novel of excellent intention and, in many respects, of admirable execution. Perhaps there is scarcely sufficient substance and scarcely enough incident for a story of such length, but certainly the heroine is a most charming, graceful, and exemplary creation, and her sad fate is sketched both forcibly and touchingly. Fortunately, the tale is not all dark and gloomy; nothing could well be brighter and more attractive than the earlier part, and at the end there is a general dispersion of clouds, with glimpses of a future full of sunny promise. Such black treachery, however, as that which the heroine's mother is described as having practised against her sweet and noble daughter is more than flesh and blood can accept as even possible, let alone probable or natural; and a protest must be entered, with all deference, against the cruel sneer in which the writer condescends to indulge at the expense of our gallant soldiers for their conduct at Majuba Hill. It may be philosophical, such flippant jesting, but it is neither generous nor patriotic, and it shows ignorance of the effect which may be produced by panic on even the bravest of the brave. However, let that pass; it was the outcome, no doubt, of mere thoughtlessness. The title of the novel, and experience of a former work written by the same novelist, would lead to an expectation of scenes in which horse-racing and hunting would be handled with great skill and apparent knowledge; yet those subjects are but lightly touched upon, though one of the very best pieces of description has for its theme an improvised ride across country. The writer seems to be so good an authority on horsey matters, that it was probably a mere slip to talk of a mare which "combined the celebrated Touchstone and Newminster (sic) strains" (vol. iii., p. 246). No doubt it should have been "Touchstone and Birdcatcher strains," for Newminster was a son of Touchstone, and "Touchstone and Irish Birdcatcher" is commonly regarded as the "orthodox" or "fashionable" combination.

The venerable clock which has for so many centuries sounded the hours at New College, Oxford, having become unfit for further service, is replaced by one of new and superior construction from Mr. J. W. Benson's steam clock factory on Ludgate-hill. All the latest improvements have been introduced. The clock will strike the hours on a great tenor bell of 1 ton 3 cwt., and chime on eight smaller bells the well-known Oxford quarters.

A SPRING POSY.

It is frequently said that spring flowers are pale, and that there is no contrast of colour among them, but only a dull uniformity of half tints. This is somewhat of a libel on Nature, and shows a lack of intimate acquaintance with the wild flowers which the sun kisses into life as he shines out between the showers and gusts of boisterous wind that are the distinctive features of an English spring. What brighter and purer amber can we wish for than the golden velvet of the gorse, which, when seen in its full glory for the first time, so dazzled Linnaeus that he fell on his knees and thanked God for the sight. And, then, its scent! What can be richer and more luscious than the odour of a bunch of gorse? If it were only as rare as the gardenia it would be as highly prized, always supposing that the prickles could be improved out of existence. Art and cultivation accomplish such wonders that perhaps some day we shall have a thornless gorse, specially grown for bouquets! Another deep-coloured spring flower is the purple orchis, which grows up, stark and strong, side by side with the primroses. Its tint is that of a purple stock or petunia, but, alas! the scent is anything but pleasant, and indoors it is scarcely bearable. Still, it is first cousin to the orchids, whose blossoms are just now Fashion's favourites, and has something of their curious charm. And is there any brighter blue than that of the dog-violet as it beams in the sunshine? And yet it is scarcely blue any more than it is bishop's purple, or lilac, or grey, or mauve. The exact colour is all its own, and most like that of the periwinkle; so if we are very hard put to it for a name, we can but borrow one from the great Worth and call it *perveenche*. He is an enthusiastic florist, and goes to Nature for his models, and, of course, that is how he discovered *perveenche* for the present season. There is no prettier flower to gather for a spring posy than the wild blue periwinkle: the leaves are so bright and glossy, and the blossoms look forth among them with such innocent faces. It is difficult to realise that the periwinkle, *Viola minor*, belongs to the dog-bane family, that the milky juice of its stem is acrid, and its root bitter and astringent. And it seems almost incredible that our humble periwinkle is related to the oleander, and that the wood of the latter shrub, with its sweet-scented flowers, is terribly poisonous.

Professor Ruskin's description of spring flowers on the edge of a pine forest in the Jura is equally true of many an English "spinney," perhaps more especially of the beech woods that hang on the slopes of our rounded chalk hills, which are often intermingled with pines and larches. He calls them "Such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth . . . coming forth in clusters crowded for very love. . . . There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebula; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Moir de Marie . . . ivy light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon a blue gush of violets, and cowslip-bells in sunny places . . . and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss."

The one omission in this delightful passage marks a great distinction between Alpine and English woods. Our beloved primroses, the joy of the land in early spring, are rare in most parts of Switzerland, and the oxlip and cowslip take their places, and grow in bountiful profusion. If we are to accept Mr. Grant Allen's theories as gospel, this may be altered in a few thousand years or so. Flowers take a long while to change their habits; but in the course of ages the cowslip, or *primula veris*, gives up developing its central stem with several blossoms on the top, and produces larger blooms, each with a single stem—that is to say, primroses. And what would our spring posy be without its wealth of primroses? They are the staple crop of our fields and woodlands during March and April, besides sending out a few harbingers to herald their coming in February, and leaving sundry loiterers, loth to depart, behind in May. Sweet and fresh, dewy and fragrant, softer than silk, more delicate in tint than anything that ever issued from mortal looms, they

*expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
How a'ain they are to human things.

In many woods and hedgerows where primroses will not flourish, wild hyacinths abound—blue-bottles, as the village children call them; blue-bells, as many of us say who are not sufficiently particular in marking the difference between the dainty hare-bells, which belong to the campanula tribe, and the bulbous sweet-scented hyacinths, which are the kindred of jonquils and narcissi. Here and there we gather white ones, but they are exceptions in our northern clime; and are found as far apart as in the woods at Cromer, and in those between Shanklin and Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. There is in this latter neighbourhood a little hill that once was all woodland, where the blue hyacinths grow and bloom in such profusion that they form more than a zone of blue—a perfect cloud of blue discernible at a long distance, which can hardly be less lovely than the belt of gentians that Mr. Ruskin's friend saw on a mountain in the Tyrol one balmy spring morning.

The white wood anemone, wind flower or pasque flower, with pinkish purple blushes on the backs of its petals, is one of our most graceful spring flowers. It is only starry white in the sunshine, when it holds its head up, and opens out to its utmost width. At other times it droops gracefully on one side, and if we did not know its full face to be white we might add it to our list of pink buds and blossoms.

One of the choicest of our woodland treasures, so fragile that it will not bear binding up with other flowers in a nosegay, is the wood sorrel, with its coral root and stem, emerald green triplet leaves, and delicate little white bells, all lightly pencilled over with pale lilac. It is very small and brittle, but perfectly fairy-like; and the exact combination of colour in its flowers is only reproduced in one other instance, an old-fashioned hardy semi-wild plant, rarely to be met with, but called by generations further away than our grandparents, pencilled geranium. Some years ago it grew in a thick fringe outside the old Church of St. Lawrence, near Ventnor, known to fame as the smallest church in England. It may also sometimes be met with in Bucks and Derbyshire.

Another of spring's darlings, which, however, blooms when the anemones are dropping and the cuckoo singing, is the sweet woodruff. It loves shady woods, and has a preference for sandy soils, and wherever the lily of the valley grows wild it may be found also. The leaves grow in whorls, and have a strong heliotrope-like odour even in winter, and the blossoms, which spring from the tops of the uppermost whorls, are like tiny clusters of diminutive white jessamine, and almost as sweet. It is very abundant in Germany, and is gathered in large quantities for the chemists, and also for good housewives who have retained a still-room as part of their domestic establishment. The essence distilled from it is a subtly-delicious flavouring called *mai-trank*, and a small quantity of it poured on a lump of ice and a few pieces of sugar in a bowl, which is then filled up with a bottle of hock and two of soda-water, makes a summer beverage far more delicate than claret-cup, and quite as cooling.

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When he came to himself, he was sitting upon the sand, surrounded by a little group, one member of which caught him by the arm as he tried to stand, and staggered dizzily.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Heriot with difficulty resisted a desperate inclination to burst out laughing. He did not feel very merry; but the spectacle of a woman cast down into the depths of dejection because somebody had asserted that somebody else had asserted the unquestionable fact that she was no longer young had in it that mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous which is more apt to excite laughter than the broadest farce. Probably nothing on earth could have moved Lady St. Austell more profoundly than the publication of that horrid little anecdote. If he were to appeal to the better part of her nature—and it had a better part, though so entangled with the worse one as to be hardly separable from it—if he were to tell her that, by toying with an idle fancy, she might quite possibly bring misery upon others in comparison with which her own present vexation was the merest childishness, she simply wouldn't understand him. She would see neither the comic nor the tragic side of the business. In her defective mental vision the great things of life were small, and the small great. It would have seemed to her as impossible that a woman should break her heart over the unfaithfulness of a husband or lover as it would to Clare Vidal that a woman should feel all light to have gone out of the world because people had discovered that her charms were on the wane. Lovers are replaced, and husbands are forgotten, Lady St. Austell might have said; but who can give us back our lost youth?

Heriot thought of all this while he listened to Lady St. Austell's eager and agonised questions. Did he believe that Mr. Vidal had really had anything to do with the insertion of

that monstrous paragraph in the *Anglo-Saxon*? Did he believe that the Grand Duchess had really made the speech reported by Lord St. Austell? Could it have been the Grand Duchess who had said "Il faut savoir vieillir"? or could it—dreadful thought!—have been an even more distinguished personage?

Heriot answered her and pacified her to the best of his ability. He was quite sure that Adrian had had nothing to do with the paragraph complained of, nor indeed with any words printed in the *Anglo-Saxon* save such as surmounted his own signature. "As to what the Princes and Princesses may have said, you ought to be a better judge of that than I. They are reputed to be very good-natured, however, and I doubt whether they would make 'audible remarks' about anyone who was entertaining them. If you want to know what I think, I suspect that the Grand Duchess's speech was an invention of Lord St. Austell's. Whether he is also responsible for the newspaper story, I can't say."

"He could not be such a malignant wretch!" cried the injured lady. But, upon further reflection, she admitted that he was malignant enough for anything, and seemed to derive a good deal of comfort from that conviction. That such horrors should have appeared in print was very sad, very painful; but it was something to be able to believe that Royal and Serene Highnesses had been as much calumniated in the matter as herself. "I think," said she, musingly, "that I will write a note to Mr. Pilkington and tell him that he will be held personally responsible for this reckless insolence. He knows that I can make things very uncomfortable for him if he offends me."

And it may be stated here that Lady St. Austell actually did this, and that in the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon*

appeared the following disclaimer:—"We regret to find that a foolish (and, as we are assured, absolutely baseless) report of certain remarks said to have been made by a Royal personage at the house of a lady of distinction has caused serious annoyance in more quarters than one. It must be distinctly understood that the items printed under the heading of Social Scraps are what they purport to be, merely gossip: that is, current rumours, which may or may not be true. Personally, we dislike and deprecate the publication of such trivialities, which the public taste, or want of taste, appears, nevertheless, to demand.—Ed. *Anglo-Saxon*."

But the above extraordinary editorial utterance did not, of course, see the light until nearly four weeks after the day with which we are at present concerned, and Lady St. Austell was, for the moment, less anxious to be avenged upon the *Anglo-Saxon* than to convince herself and her hearer that her husband, and he alone, was to blame for this anguish.

"This," she said, "is quite of a piece with what his conduct has always been. No sooner do I become attached to anyone than he makes himself so disagreeable that I am obliged to break with that person. It was very much in this way that he began to go on about poor Johnny Spencer, and I do think it is rather needlessly cruel of him, considering that I never dream of making a fuss about his flirtations, which, as you know, are a thousand times worse than mine."

"It's abominable," answered Heriot; "but it can't be helped. So, then, you will have to drop Vidal after all, you think?"

"I would drop anybody or anything rather than be so persecuted; but perhaps I shall not be driven to it. I hope I may not; for I feel sure that the poor young man finds some

consolation in my society, and, as I was saying before this sickening interruption took place, he really is very nice."

"I think you had much better drop him," said Heriot.

"But why? You are a friend of his, and you always say that you are a friend of mine too; why should you grudge us any few stray hours of happiness that we can manage to secure in this disappointing world?"

"Well," answered Heriot, "I will tell you why. Firstly, because these stray hours would give no happiness worth speaking of to you, and probably none whatever to him. Secondly because they would certainly cause unhappiness to Mrs. Vidal, who is also a friend of mine, and who has some slight claim to be considered. I don't say that it isn't very foolish of her to be jealous of you: in my opinion it is. But the fact remains that she is inclined to be so; and therefore I want you to make a little sacrifice for once and spare her annoyance."

"She ought not to be encouraged to be so selfish," returned Lady St. Austell, pointing.

Heriot was too displeased to be amused. "Selfish!" he exclaimed; "and pray, what are you? Did it ever occur to you, I wonder, that there is anything shameful or contemptible in the kind of life that you lead? To such a woman as Mrs. Vidal, you may be sure that it would seem almost inconceivably so. To get through the time somehow, to flirt as long as flirting remains possible, to use a coronet on your note-paper, to be gaped at by inferior mortals and to tremble at the frown of a German Grand-Duchess—what noble ambitions!—what an ideal existence! I don't know whether you believe in Christianity; most likely you think nothing about the matter; but I suspect that, if you were driven into a corner, you would hardly have the courage to call yourself an infidel. Your cynicism is only skin-deep, like your loves, or platonic affections, or whatever you may be pleased to call them. You have never looked things deliberately in the face, as Lord St. Austell has, and said to yourself that you will eat and drink, for to-morrow you die. If you were told that you would literally have to die to-morrow, you would be frightened out of your wits—you know you would. You would send off post-haste for the parson, and see whether something couldn't be done with bell, book, and candle. Well, now let me advise you, as a friend, to do a good action or two while you can, so as to have something in hand when that day comes. And while I am being so can lid, allow me to ask you one more question. Have you any lurking idea that you can get Adrian Vidal to fall in love with you? If you have, disabuse your mind of it. He is in love with his wife; and if he were not, he would be no more likely to become enamoured of you than I am. Try to believe that, for it is the truth; and then, perhaps, you may find it a little more easy to set Mrs. Vidal an example of unselfishness."

This diatribe, which was not at all in Heriot's usual style, so astonished Lady St. Austell that at first she suspected him of having suddenly gone out of his mind. Then she thought she would quarrel with him; but her indomitable good nature got the better of this impulse, and she ended by laughing a little nervously.

"After that," said she, "I think I had better retire to my bed-room and reflect upon my sins. I am sorry to be obliged to send you away; but it is getting rather late and I am dining out to-night."

Heriot had no objection to being sent away. He did not want to weaken the effect of his outburst by further speech; and, as he withdrew, he flattered himself that he had at least made some impression upon her ladyship. Had he spoken with less heat, he might have chosen his words more carefully, and thus avoided producing an impression which was hardly calculated to further the end that he had in view. A few hours later, only two assertions out of his harangue remained in Lady St. Austell's memory—namely, that in Mrs. Vidal's eyes she was shameful and contemptible, and that it was out of her power to make Mr. Vidal fall in love with her. That being so, it was scarcely surprising that the dislike which she already felt for Mrs. Vidal should have been intensified, or that she should have determined to show that Mr. Vidal could be made to fall in love with her quite as easily as other people had been.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PODDLY JOKE.

It is a long lane that has no turning. The First of August came at last, as all days come, some slowly, some quickly, some bringing good things and some evil, according to the beneficent law of compensation which makes the world go round. Thus, what caused joy to Clare Vidal was matter for regret to others, and a sorrowful man was Mr. De Wynt when the day approached on which the house in Alexandra-gardens was to be closed to him for some months to come. He dined with his friends on the last evening, and played a succession of such mournful little dirges after dinner that Clare's heart was moved with pity, and she crossed over to the piano to try and comfort him.

"So it's all over, Mrs. Vidal," he said.

"Oh no, it isn't," answered Clare; "we are only going away for a short holiday, all of us. I suppose you are going, too."

"Yes; I shall have to go and stay with an uncle of mine, who says he means to leave me all his property, and who takes his equivalent out of me beforehand by making me trudge over acres of arable land with him every day. I don't call that much of a holiday, you know. And I shall be back in London again long before you are."

"We shall be back in the beginning of the winter," said Clare. "And perhaps," she added, "we may induce Georgina to come and stay with us again then."

"Yes, if she hasn't started for Greenland's icy mountains or Africa's coral strand by that time," observed De Wynt, ruefully.

"You must prevent her from doing that," said Clare.

"Oh, I can't, you know. What little influence I have with Miss Vidal is due simply to my careful self-effacement. If I were to assert myself, she would knock me down and jump upon me at once—so to speak."

"If you allow yourself to be jumped upon, jumped upon you will be," observed Clare. "You ought not to allow it. Shall I let you into a secret? If you want to increase your influence with Georgina, you had better treat her with a little less deference. Don't you know that men are born to command and women to obey?"

"The little man put his head on one side and considered this. 'Well,' he said at length, 'I shouldn't wonder if you were right. But, seriously, Miss Vidal is so much my superior that I can't quite imagine myself ordering her about.'"

"Mr. De Wynt," said Georgina, coming up at this moment, "You are to be at the Great Western Terminus at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, please, to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Vidal; and after that, you can drive with me to the Brighton station and take my ticket for me."

This, at all events, was an order to which no objection could be made, and it struck Clare as a hopeful sign that Georgina, who was so very willing to take care of herself,

should think it necessary to secure an escort from Paddington to Victoria.

But in truth her thoughts were, at this time, not quite so much at the service of her neighbours as usual, and it must be owned that as soon as she found herself seated in the railway-carriage, opposite Adrian, and speeding westward as fast as an express-train could carry her, she straightway forgot those whom she was leaving. Indeed, she asked for nothing better than to forget. To forget London, and the butcher, and the baker, and the terrible cook—yes; and to forget other troubles than these, if only that were feasible. Her heart grew lighter with every league that was placed between her and the hated metropolis. The panacea which had suggested itself to Adrian suggested itself also to her, and it seemed to her that when once they were at Cardrew again, all would be well. Almost before she had realised that they were really off at last, they had left Swindon behind them and were tearing away again towards Bath and Bristol. Then, as the day wore on, came Exeter; then after some slackening of speed, Plymouth, where speed ceased altogether and the familiar jog-trot of the dear old Cornwall railway began.

Meanwhile, Adrian, who had been reading the papers a little and sleeping a good deal, had been furtively watching his wife's face in the intervals of slumber, and had in some measure read her thoughts. He, too, longed to forgive and forget; he, too, was not sorry to have bidden farewell to London for a season, and cherished hopes of happier days to come. So that here were two people eager to kiss and be friends, and the only question was which of them should speak the first word.

That neither of them did speak it was owing to the melancholy circumstance that neither of them felt disposed towards unconditional surrender. Each firmly believed the other to be in the wrong; and, though ready to forgive, could not conscientiously ask to be forgiven. And as there was no open quarrel between them, there could be no sudden peace-making; nor, as it turned out, any gradual one either.

The first few days at Cardrew were entirely delightful ones for Clare. The clamorous welcome of the boys, her mother's excited garrulity, Mr. Irvine's placid contentment, and all the old home sights and sounds from which she had been separated for so long, were sufficient to satisfy her soul for that length of time. But then she began to feel the difference that a year had made in her life. There were no more long walks with Adrian now—neither he nor she would have dreamt of proposing such a thing; instead of devising stratagems to escape the company of her brothers, she found herself striving to accomplish just the contrary result; there was a difficulty in getting through the hours which was quite new to her, and gradually her spirits sank to almost as low a level as they had reached in London. Indeed, a sense of disappointment, of something being wanting, extended to the whole party—even to Mrs. Irvine, who said she was afraid she must be growing old.

"Not that I haven't plenty of activity left in me yet; but I don't enjoy hurrying about as I used, and I suppose we must look upon that as a symptom. What will happen to Polruth when I die is more than I can imagine! One is bound to believe that the world will manage to get on somehow after one's death, just as it did before one was born; but I can't help thinking that for a time everything will be at sixes and sevens. There are those wicked Pentire lads, for instance, who will persist in going about robbing hen-roosts. They would have been in a reformatory long ago, if it hadn't been for me; and though you may say that that would have been a good thing for the community, it wouldn't have been at all a good thing for their poor mother. And that is only one case out of many. Without vanity, I do think I shall be missed."

Such sad forebodings were not of a nature to dispel the gloom which had fallen upon the household, and the arrival of Heriot did not greatly improve matters. Mrs. Irvine confided to him that she felt uneasy about her daughter, and asked him whether he did not think her looking ill and miserable; but he only replied that, though Clare did indeed seem to be a little out of sorts, it was best to take no notice of these vague maladies, for which rest and fresh air were the best cures. To him there was nothing vague in the nature of Clare's malady; but it was certainly one which notice was more likely to increase than to diminish, and he accordingly endeavoured to remain unconscious of it; in which effort, as a matter of course, he failed as signally as Clare and Adrian did in their attempts to behave as though they were upon friendly terms.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more than 't strange heart lets know
The absence of the love which yet it fain would show.

Mrs. Irvine, who was not a particularly keen observer, and had, besides, a happy faculty of ignoring what she did not wish to see, perceived nothing more than that her daughter was not in the best of health; but Heriot, as the young people knew, was less easily hoodwinked; hence the intercourse of these three, which had formerly been so pleasant, became a trifle strained and painful. However, they kept up appearances, avoided perilous allusions to by-gone days, went on excursions together, which all of them found rather long, and made frequent use of the boat, now commanded by Charley, in the absence of the more experienced Bob.

That strange perversity which leads us all to pride ourselves upon our proficiency in what we are most ignorant of caused Charley to fancy that he knew something about sailing, even as it had once deluded his brother into taking charge of a dog-cart freighted with valuable lives; and his eagerness to push a cruise somewhat beyond the well-known limits of Polruth Bay was not to be withstood by persons who were beginning to persuade themselves that they really didn't much care whether they were drowned or not. So one day Charley got out the ordnance map and pointed out upon it a diminutive creek, which, he said, could be easily reached in two hours with a fair wind, and which is known by the amazing name of Poddly Joke. Searchers after the picturesque in North Cornwall will be aware that the term Joke—or Choke, as some prefer to write it—is not of uncommon occurrence in those parts, as applied to an inlet of the sea (the derivation of Poddly awaits an interpreter); and admirers of Mr. Brett's pictures will be familiar with the colouring which renders such places remarkable. Poddly Joke, seen at low water on a fine day, has an attraction for the artistic eye—beyond that bestowed upon it by white sands, dark-blue sea, and a background of green hills—in the curious bloom which overspreads its rocks, and which, on closer inspection, is discovered to be caused by an incrustation of myriads of mussels; and as this phenomenon (at least so far as Charley Irvine and the present humble chronicler are aware) is peculiar to the Cornish coast, it seemed only right that a stranger like Mr. Vidal, should be made acquainted with it.

Adrian offered no objection to Charley's proposal; but perhaps neither he nor his wife would have consented so readily, could they have foreseen that at the last moment Heriot would be prevented by a slight attack of illness from accompanying them. Between four people conversation can always be kept up; but when there are only three in a boat, and when the

attention of one of them is concentrated wholly upon navigation, the remaining two may under certain circumstances find the task of entertaining one another a little difficult. Yet there are conditions which seem to make silence natural, and as Clare and Adrian were wafted out of Polruth harbour by a light north-easterly breeze, they felt that there was nothing oppressive in the drowsy taciturnity which fell upon them. The weather, Charley averred, was precisely what it ought to be. The glass, it was true, had gone back a little during the night, and away to the south-westward the haze had a somewhat dark appearance, as though clouds might be massing up behind it; but the change, if there was going to be one, would certainly not come for another two tides, and the wind, supposing that it held, would serve them almost as well for returning as for going.

In the meantime, it was fortunate that all three occupants of the boat happened to be good sailors, for there was a long swell running, which increased after they had rounded Polruth Head, and which ended by giving Adrian matter for reflection. "How are you going to land us, Charley?" he asked, after a time.

"Oh, we shall run the boat up on the beach somewhere," answered Charley, airily.

"But my good fellow, you can't beach a boat just when and where you please, and with this swell, you might easily run her into a surf that would convert her into match-wood in precious quick time. Which way does the place with the sweet-sounding name face?"

"How on earth should I know? I've only been there once in my life, and it didn't occur to me to take its bearings at the time. West by south, or something near that, I should say."

"And the sea is at present running from the south-west, as perhaps you haven't noticed. I don't pretend to your nautical knowledge; but that looks to me very much as if the wind meant backing before long."

"Oh, well, if we can't land, we can't," answered Charley. "I dare say you'll be able to get a very good idea of the place without going on shore; and as for the wind backing, that'll be all the better for us. We shall only have to run home before it."

"Yes—if we don't get too much of it. Do you know, Charley, I think we might as well give this up for to-day. The sea is rising every minute, and there's a look about the sky that I don't altogether like."

"Why, what do you think is going to happen?" asked the other, contemptuously.

"I think it's going to blow, that's all."

"And if it does? Little do you know the sea-going qualities of the *Midget*! I'd undertake to sail her from Polruth to St. Ives in half a gale of wind."

"I have no doubt you would undertake a great many insane things with a light heart; but it doesn't follow that I wish my funeral to be undertaken just yet. I vote for getting about without loss of time."

"Bosh!" growled Charley, who had that fine belief in himself which distinguished the Irvine brotherhood, and who did not much care about being dictated to by Londoners. "What do you vote for, Clare?"

Clare had not paid much heed to the discussion. She was sitting with her back towards the disputants, her elbow resting on the gunwale and her cheek on her hand. She started and turned round on being addressed. "Oh, I don't care," she answered. "Do as you think best. Perhaps we had better go on, now that we have come so far."

"Clare doesn't know anything about it," cried Adrian, impatiently.

"Come to that, I'm not sure that you know a great deal about it yourself," retorted Charley.

For a moment Adrian was half inclined to quarrel with the boy, whose tone was disagreeably aggressive; but he reflected that, after all, the boat was not his, and he disliked rows. So, with something of a laugh, he said, "Take your own way, then; only don't blame me if three corpses are laid out on the shining sands to-morrow morning."

"I'll promise not to say a word if I'm one of 'em," answered Charley, his good-humour returning with the submission of his opponent. "It's all right, my dear chap. I ought to know something about this coast, seeing that I was born and bred here, and I've never drowned anybody yet."

"Never had the chance, perhaps," muttered Adrian; but he said no more, not liking to appear over-timidous, and at this moment the sun, which had become gradually obscured by a thin veil of mist, suddenly burst forth, as if to show that there was no ground for his apprehensions.

For a considerable time nobody spoke. Charley was whistling softly, and every now and then relinquishing the tiller to raise his hands as though he were holding a gun and take an imaginary shot at a gull over-head; Clare, who had brought a book with her, had opened it and was pretending to read; while Adrian, with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown back, was trying to hit upon something terse and original to say about M. Zola and his school in the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon*. He was not very successful, for the slow motion, the silence, and the salt-laden atmosphere were less adapted to stimulate the brain than to induce that pleasant vacuity of mind which commonly precedes slumber, and his thoughts wandered idly away in all directions until he ceased attempting to control them. But off Towan Head the breeze fell light, and then died away altogether, the sail flapping and cracking as the little boat rolled heavily in the ever-increasing swell.

"This is very disagreeable," remarked Clare, rousing herself and shutting up her book. "Are we likely to be becalmed much longer, do you think?"

"I don't think we are," answered her husband, with an upward glance.

The sun had vanished again by this time; the sky had changed from silvery grey to a dull leaden hue, and overhead detached streamers of scud were sailing up from the south-west. Even as Adrian spoke, a sudden puff of wind caught them and swept past, making a dark shadow upon the water, and bringing with it a few drops of rain.

"Just catch hold of those brails, Adrian, will you," said Charley, "and haul on them when I tell you. Clare, you might as well take the sheet, if you don't mind. No, not like that!—don't let it slip through your fingers!"

But, indeed, it was no such easy matter for a lady to retain command over the sheet, which was tugging against her like a live thing; for now the wind had overtaken them in good earnest, and the *Midget* was tearing through the water at a speed which soon made it necessary to shorten sail. The sea was covered with white caps, and what with the spray and the stinging rain, our three mariners, who had omitted to provide themselves with macintoshes, were wet through in five minutes. Adrian glanced at Clare, who looked a little startled, but did not seem to be frightened, and then at Charley, whose face expressed considerable uneasiness. The latter nudged him presently, and, pointing to a stretch of sand dimly visible through the rain and mist, called out, "Poddly Joke! Do you see?"

"I see Poddly, if that's its name," growled Adrian; "but

hang me if I can see the joke! What the devil are you going to do, man?" he asked, seeing that Charley had relieved Clare of the sheet, and was now steering straight for the shore. "Beach her," replied the other laconically. "You can't, you lunatic!" "Must," answered Charley, in a low voice; "it's our only chance. We couldn't live in such a sea as there'll be in another hour. As it is, I think we shall just manage it, because the surf can't be really very bad yet; but we shall get a ducking, of course. Don't make a row, there's a good chap; I don't want to frighten Clare. You must look after her. You know what to do, and I've seen you swim."

Adrian was a good swimmer, certainly; but it seemed doubtful whether that accomplishment would stand him in much stead now. He moved forward a little and looked towards the shore, which they were rapidly approaching, and where he could make out the figures of three men, who were waving their arms and apparently shouting directions. Neither their voices nor their gesticulations, however, were intelligible, and if they had been, it would probably have been too late to profit by them. When Adrian heard the thunder of the breakers and saw the long stretch of white foam ahead, his heart stood still. But there was no use in talking about it. He hooked his arm firmly into Clare's and led her to the extremity of the bows.

"Listen, Clare," he said; "the moment you feel the boat touch you must jump—don't fall if you can help it—and run for your life. I shall keep tight hold of you. Do you understand?"

She nodded; and Adrian noted with a slight glow of pride that she neither trembled nor wasted her breath in needless words. If they were to be drowned, it would be no fault of hers, at all events.

They were in the broken water now; the bewildering whiteness of the surf was all round them; the boat was lifted high, and Adrian stiffened his muscles for a spring. But by bad steering they missed the crest of the wave which should have carried them on; it raced past them; the boat seemed to halt and stagger; and Adrian, knowing what must come, shouted, "Now, Clare!" and jumped over.

At the same instant he was knocked clean off his legs, and with a roar of waters in his ears and a confused sense of being swept into eternity, darkness closed in upon him.

When he came to himself, he was sitting upon the sand, surrounded by a little group, one member of which caught him by the arm as he tried to stand, and staggered dizzily. "You're a bit mazed yet, Sir," said this stalwart individual. "Twur the mast as knocked you silly; but 'tis only a bit of a bruise, and the young lady she've got no hurt."

"It's all right, Adrian," chimed in Charley, whose dripping figure now came to the front. "That last wave snapped the mast, and I suppose it must have caught you on the back of the head as it fell. Clare and I were rolled up, none the worse, except that we had all the breath knocked out of us."

"What has become of the boat?" asked Adrian, still a little uncertain as to where he was and what had happened.

"Oh, the boat has gone to glory; and I'm bound to say that I rather think we should have followed her, if it hadn't been for our good friends here."

"Seemeth as us was sent down providential," remarked the first speaker. "If you'd ha' done as we telled 'ee, Sir, and bore away under the land yonder, we might ha' saved the boat; but 'tis sinful to complain when no lives is lost."

This was quite the view taken by the late occupants of the *Midget*, who were soon able to walk to a neighbouring farmhouse, where a change of clothing was found for them. Clare was a good deal bruised and shaken; but she did not think it worth while to mention this in answer to Adrian's inquiries, and assured him that a wetting was no new experience to her. He attributed her gravity and her brief replies to the natural effect of the shock which she had received, not knowing what a terrible moment she had passed through when she had seen her husband stretched, apparently lifeless, upon the shore.

She and he were left alone together before long, for Charley had set off to Newquay to procure a conveyance; and as they sat in the little parlour of the farmhouse, before the fire which had been kindled for them, it seemed as if now or never must be the time for them to compose their differences. Yet neither of them spoke for five minutes or so, and when Adrian at last opened his lips it was only to observe:

"That was a near thing, Clare."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, catching her breath. And then, with a sort of sob, "I thought you were dead!"

"Did you? And I let you go, after all. What should I have done if you had been drowned and I had been washed up alive? I'll tell you what, Clare; I'm going to give those three fellows ten pounds apiece. The price of a magazine article—h'm! Well, perhaps we ought to double it; but I am a poor man. What do you think? Are we worth more than fifteen pounds each?"

"I don't know," answered Clare, looking at the fire; "I don't think I'm worth much." She rose and crossed to her husband's chair, saying timidly, "Adrian, were you much hurt?" She passed her hand over the back of his head, where indeed there was a very respectable bump. "Oh, you poor boy!" she exclaimed, "it must pain you dreadfully! May I bathe it?"

Adrian burst out laughing, with tears in his eyes, and caught her by both hands. "May you? No, you may not; because it doesn't want bathing. Oh! Clare, don't you think we are a couple of fools?"

Clare dropped upon her knees beside him, and buried her face on his shoulder. "I have been so miserable!" she murmured, brokenly. "I want to make friends again. Will you?"

It is to be supposed that Adrian's answer must have been of a satisfactory nature; for when Charley returned, full of apologies for having been absent such an unconscionable time, he was assured, in the face of patent facts, by those whom he had kept waiting that he had not been away an hour.

(To be continued.)

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on the 2nd inst. at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £259 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and payments amounting to £5030 were made on the 286 life-boat establishments of the institution. During the past three months the institution has contributed, by its life-boats and other means, to the saving of 223 lives from different wrecks, besides helping to rescue six vessels from destruction. Among the contributions lately received were £50 from her Majesty the Queen (annual subscription); £1000 from Miss F. A. Bass, to provide a new life-boat for Sidmouth to be named the William and Frances; £500 from Miss Harris, of Clapton, for a life-boat to be named the Escape; and £210 from Miss Howis, to defray the cost of three years' maintenance of her life-boat at Silloth. New life-boats have been sent during the past month to Plymouth, Silloth, Ferryside, Totland Bay, and Cloughey Bay, and it was decided to send a new one possessing all the latest improvements to Bridlington in lieu of the boat at present on that station.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

W. B. (Stratford).—In your two-move problem, after 1. Q to K 3rd, if Black play 1. K to Q B 3rd, how do you mate next move? A had dual mate springs from Black's playing 1. K to K 3rd, when White can m. te either by 1. Kt to K 7th or 1. Kt to K 3rd.

G. A. W. (North Shields).—We shall have to refer to the files for the information you seek. It is a far cry from 1885 to 1877.

E. L. G. (Blackwater).—We regret to hear that the diagram was indistinct, but you have nevertheless correctly placed the piece referred to, and your solution is acknowledged.

J. K. (South Hampstead).—In the multitude of letters we receive, it is impossible to remember any one in particular, but we assure you that great care is taken to acknowledge all correct solutions in due course. Probably yours has been acknowledged in a subsequent Number. Look at No. 2140 again.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS BY PROBLEM No. 2134 received from Hussar (Secunderabad, India); of No. 2133 from E. H. Snodgrass, Carl Stepan, Hereward, A. Chapman, A. J. Lake, Columbus, E. T. Ward, H. Stebbing, S. J. Hall, T. Levy (Edmonton), E. L. G. and L. E. C. B.; of No. 2132 from Jumbo, Elwin Smith, C. J. P. Langley, D. McCoy, W. W. Hunter, F. Marshall, Laura Greaves (Shelton), and L. S. D.; of J. A. R. E. W.'s PROBLEM from Rev. John Willis (Farmville, U.S.A.); of G. H. M. E.'s PROBLEM from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), E. L. G. and L. S. D.; of E. WALTER'S PROBLEM from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), L. L. Greenaway, H. Reeve, G. S. Oldfield, Jupiter Junior, and G. L. Mayne.

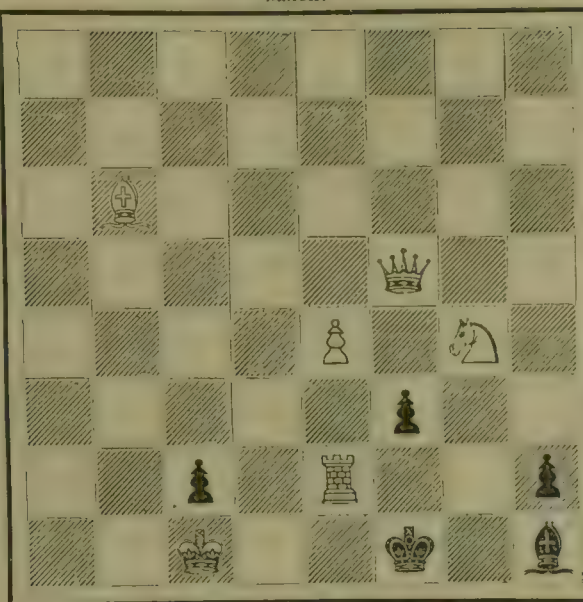
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2140 received from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), H. Reeve, Hereward, W. Dewse, E. Casella (Paris), C. Oswald, A. W. Scrutton, R. L. Southwell, G. Durrant, Ben. Nevis, A. J. Lake, G. S. Oldfield, L. Wyman, L. Chaiswood, Ernest Shazewood, G. W. Law, Jupiter Junior, Alpha, Aaron Harper, H. H. Noyes, F. Foris, W. Hillier, B. R. Wood, Kitten, Otto Fulder (Ghent), M. O'Halloran, H. Wardell, C. S. Cox, William Davis, E. E. H. Snodgrass, W. B. (Clifton), A. C. Hunt, Joseph Alnworth, Nerina, H. Blacklock, A. M. Colborne, R. Ingersoll, E. Eastonstone, H. M. S. Hecla, G. H. Jackson, and H. A. Chapman (Aldershot).

Note.—In consequence of the Easter holidays, only communications received up to Tuesday, March 31, are acknowledged in this Number.

PROBLEM No. 2142.

By A. HERMAN.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

In the person of Mr. Punch, a new chess champion appeared last week at the time-honoured "Divan in the Strand." Perched on a pedestal, with a handkerchief blindfolding his faithful eyes, and one of Simpson's "Laranagas" in his laughing mouth, Mr. Punch, as drawn by Mr. Henry Furniss cheerily challenges the wide, wide world, in the presence of many of the notabilities of the smaller world of chess. Beneath him sits the "Frenchman," heedless, as usual, of aught but the chessboard he contemplates; and close by is Herr Stinitz divesting himself of his coat preliminary to accepting the *défi*. Mr. Hewitt, with Mr. Potter, an earnest listener, is discussing a problem with Mr. Abbott, and from the surprise expressed in that clever and genial composer's face, we might infer that the problem is one of his compositions—"cooked." At the other side of the room, Dr. Zukertort is thoughtfully examining a position, with the Rev. Mr. Watey for an adversary, and looking on is the hero of a hundred fights and fets, the incomparable "Mars." Among the other spectators of the battle are Mr. H. E. Gastineau, the popular vice-president of the City Chess Club, Mr. Hoffer of the *Field*, and Mr. Donnithorpe. Other faces, well known in metropolitan chess circles, fill the scene; the central figure, Sir Robert Peel, M.P., dominating the whole, as becomes a vice-president of the newly-formed British Chess Association. It is needless to say that the assembly is a sort of tobacco parliament. Everyone smokes, and the ascending cloud of pipes and cigars form fantastic shapes of embryo chess pieces gradually developing into a chess problem depicted on the ceiling. We fancy we have seen this problem before, but believe it will bear reproduction, if for no better reason, because of its association with Mr. Punch's first appearance at the "Chess Divan in the Strand."

White: K at Q 7th, Q at Q B 2nd, Kt at Q R 3rd, B at K Kt 5th, Pawns at Q B 5th. (Five pieces.)
Black: K at Q 4th, R at Q 5th, Pawns at K 4th and Q R 3rd. (Four pieces.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Besides their own annual chess-match, the Universities contested several others during the "Boat-Race Week." Among the most interesting of these was the contest between the third-class division of the City Chess Club and the combined forces of the Universities, twenty a side; and a similar match, in which much smaller forces on both sides were engaged, with the St. George's Club. The City match attracted a crowd of spectators, play commencing at six o'clock and terminating at ten, when Dr. Zukertort, who acted as umpire, adjudicated on all the unfinished games. The result was a victory for the City Club with a score of 11½ to 8½. In the match with the St. George's Club, there were but eight competitors a side, and here the Universities sustained another defeat, the first-named club winning by 4½ games to 3. Dr. Zukertort again acted as umpire, but, as the match was brought to a conclusion before the dinner-hour, he was not called upon to exercise his functions.

We note with great satisfaction that what our American cousins would call a chess "boom" is passing over Ireland. Among the practical indications of this chess "revival" are the organisation of an Irish Chess Association, recently referred to in this column, and the foundation of a new Chess Society in Dublin, which promises to rival in numbers and enthusiasm the most important of these on this side of the Channel. The St. Patrick's Chess Club was inaugurated on the 21st ult., Dr. Mason presided, when eighty-one members were enrolled and a governing body appointed. The presidents are Messrs. G. F. Barry, Parker Duncombe, Thomas Long, B. A. R. Mason, and Porterfield Rynd. The Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and Mr. P. T. Duffy were elected honorary members, a distinction which we can assure our friends in Dublin is greatly valued by these gentlemen.

The St. Patrick's Chess Club was but a week old when its members established what the late Herr Löwenthal was wont to call an "organ," but is here modestly and correctly described as a "pamphlet." The "Pamphlet" opens with a problem in three moves on a printed diagram. The other seven pages are manuscript and comprise chess jottings, news, and three games well annotated, the whole forming one of the most quaint and interesting chess chronicles that has ever come under our notice.

The following item is quoted from the "Pamphlet":—"On Easter Monday the conversation and meeting to form the Irish Chess Association will be held in the Moleworth Hall, where, by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. T. B. Rowland, the honorary secretary, the necessary accommodation for this and all future meetings of the Association will be provided." We greatly regret that as we go to press with this part of the Paper on Saturday, April 4, we are unable in this issue to record the brilliant success we anticipate for this meeting.

As a steam tram-car was turning a sharp curve near Rochdale yesterday week it overturned, and about twenty of the passengers were more or less injured.

Mr. Arnold Power has collected the letters written by his brother, Mr. Frank Power, and they have been published, under the title "Letters from Khartoum," by Sampson Low and Co. The letters are given exactly as they were written, save that allusions to private family matters have been omitted.

The Queen has approved of the grant of Civil List pensions of £200 a year to Mrs. Hamill Stewart, and £100 a year to each of the two Misses Hamill Stewart, the mother and sisters of the late Colonel Hamill Stewart, in recognition of his services in connection with the defence of Khartoum.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1883), with four codicils (dated July 11, 1883, and Jan. 17, Feb. 11, and May 23, 1884), of Mr. Henry Browne Alexander, late of The Laurels, Barnes, Surrey, who died on Feb. 20 last, at No. 5, Chichester-terrace, Brighton, was proved on the 20th ult. by William Henry Alexander, the son, and Lloyd Tudor White, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £558,000. The testator appoints certain trust funds, amounting to over £48,000, and the estates at Brompton and Kensington held under his marriage settlement, to his said son, but he charges these estates with the payment of a sum of more than £221,000; as to the last-named sum, he gives one fourth of a moiety to his said son, and one moiety and three fourths of the other moiety to his daughter Mrs. Everilda Frances Jowers. His estates at Highbury, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Charlton Marshall, and all his real estate in the county of Dorset, and at Brighton, he devises to the use of his son, for life, with remainder to his children as he shall appoint; his estate at Barnes, in the events which have happened, to the use of his daughter Mrs. Jowers, for life, with remainder to her children as she shall appoint; and the residue of his real estate to his said son and daughter, and to his daughter Mrs. Shadwell, who predeceased him without leaving issue. There are very numerous pecuniary legacies, and the residue of the personality he bequeaths to his son and two daughters; his bequest to Mrs. Shadwell, however, lapses by her death, and her share becomes divisible between the surviving son and daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1884) of Mr. James Meakin, late of Darlaston Hall, in the county of Stafford, senior partner in the firm of J. and G. Meakin, of Eagle Works, Hanley, who died on Feb. 8 last, was proved at the Lichfield district registry on the 27th of the same month by the executors, George Meakin and William Meakin, the brothers, and George Frank Paddock, the value of the English personality amounting to £198,102. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Emily Meakin, all his horses, carriages, furniture, plate, linen, china, pictures, wines, farming stock, and effects at Darlaston, and a legacy of £1500; he also devises to her, for life, Darlaston Hall, with fifty acres of land adjoining, and the annual sum of £4000. Upon her death, the proceeds of the sale of his Darlaston estate is to be divided amongst all his children, his sons' shares to be double the value of his daughters' shares. He authorises his trustees to apply £250 a year for the maintenance of each child, and at twenty-one he empowers them to advance to each son £10,000; and to each daughter, on marriage, £5000. The residue is to accumulate until his youngest surviving child attains twenty-one, when the same is to be divided amongst his children, the sons' shares being double the value of the daughters'; such shares of sons and daughters in the residue being strictly settled.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1882) of Mrs. Anne Malet Burdon, of Parklands Castle, Eden, widow of the late Rowland Burdon, Esq., of The Castle, Castle Eden, in the county of Durham, was proved at the Durham district registry on the 28th ult. by Henry Alexander Hamilton, the sole executor. The testatrix directs all the depositors in her savings bank to be paid off immediately, with interest up to the thirtieth day of the month in which she shall die, and she leaves to her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Burdon, all her interest in her lands, house, and premises known as Parklands, subject to conditions; to his son (her nephew), Rowland Burdon, the whole of her manor farms and lands at Horden, in the county of Durham, with all the royalties; upon trust for her niece Gertrude Uththoff Hamilton, £20,000 Consols, subject to conditions; to her cousin, Dr. John Caldwell Uththoff, the sum of £10,000; to Mary Gertrude Holland, Jane Mary Anne Boydell, and to Fanny Anne Brent, £5000 each; to her niece Elizabeth Anne Burdon, her nephews, John George Burdon, the Rev. Rowland John Burdon, and Cotsford Matthew Burdon, and to Henry Barrington Tristram, £2000 each; to her three servants, John Selator, Ann Roberts, and Jane Darling, £500 each. All legacies to be duty free. All her plate and the gold cup presented to her father, Joshua Andrew Uththoff, Esq., she gives to her niece Gertrude Uththoff Hamilton. To the Rev. John Burdon all her household goods; and she appoints the said Henry Alexander Hamilton her residuary devisee and legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1883) of Miss Sarah Ward, formerly of Leicester-place, Camberwell New-road, but late of Carshalton-grove, Sutton, who died on Jan. 29 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by James Hoare Ward, Alfred Partridge, Alfred William Smith, and William Henry Sainsbury Gilbert, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £60,000. The testatrix bequeaths £800 New Three Per Cents to the society for the relief of necessitous widows and children of Protestant Dissenting Ministers; £500 New Three Per Cents each to the London Aged Christian Society, the Friendly Female Society, the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, and the Victoria Park Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest; £300 New Three Per Cents each to the Widow's Friend Society, the Lambeth Pension Society, the Endowment Fund of the Shoreditch new Almshouses opposite Haggerston church, and the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields; £200 New Three Per Cents each to the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, and the London Orphan Asylum, Clapton; and there are numerous pecuniary legacies, many of considerable amount, and specific gifts of freehold, copyhold, and leasehold house property. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the said James Hoare Ward.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1879) of Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., late of No. 28, Hans-place, Chelsea, who died on Feb. 16 last, at Gakdul, in the Soudan, was proved on the 21st ult. by Dame Georgina Janet Stewart, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. With the exception of complimentary legacies to his brother and to Colonel Davis, the testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1884) of Major Walter Hyde Atherton, 5th Dragoon Guards, who was killed in action at Abou Klea on Jan. 17 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by William Cossley Atherton and Thomas James Atherton, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his brother William Cossley; and legacies to his sisters, nephew, and godchild. The residue of his property he gives to his brother Thomas James.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1866) of Madame Charlotte Helen Sainton (Madame Sainton-Dolby), late of No. 71, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, who died on Feb. 18 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Prosper Philippe Catherine Sainton, the husband and sole executor. The testatrix leaves all her property to her husband, for his own use; and she appoints him to write her initials, "C. H. S. D.," on songs and pieces of vocal music, under certain agreements with the publishers.

Some anxiety has been created in Sheffield by the presence of mad dogs. One man who was bitten has died from hydrophobia. Many dogs are being destroyed.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE FIGHT AT HASHEEN, NEAR SOUAKIM, MARCH 20: THE 6TH LANCERS CHARGING ON THE FLANK OF OSMAN DIGNA'S ATTACK.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

NEW BOOKS.

The two large volumes already published of a *Dictionary of National Biography*, Edited by Leslie Stephen (Smith, Elder, and Co.), suffice to show what an extensive work has been undertaken. The whole of the first volume and three hundred pages of the second are required for the first letter of the alphabet, and it is calculated that the work will not be finished in less than fifty volumes. The Dictionary promises to be a highly useful book of reference. The articles differ considerably in quality, as might be expected in so long a list of interesting and uninteresting subjects of known and unknown contributors. Some of the lives may be considered too short; some—*as, for instance, the account of Queen Anne*, which is a history rather than a biography—are assuredly too long; but, on the whole, the Dictionary, as far as we are able to test it, seems to be admirably done. Several attractive literary topics have been treated by the editor himself. He has written the biographies of Addison, Alison, Arbuthnot, Jane Austen, and Madame d'Arbly, and these biographies are models of what such condensed narratives should be. There is probably not a superfluous word in them, neither is an important fact omitted. The account of Jane Austen, compressed within little more than three columns, is, however, too brief. When we find long pages given to "names ignoble, born to be forgot," it is hard that one of the greatest novelists in the language should have so small a niche. If space be a test, even Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is treated with more honour. And why does Mr. Stephen write of the poet Cowper as Cooper? Among what may be called the historical biographies, Professor Freeman's account of Elfric, better known to most readers as Alfred the Great, is as readable as it is instructive; and Sir Theodore Martin's life of the Prince Consort contains within twenty-eight columns all the salient points of his remarkable career. The longest article in Vol. II., and one as remarkable for quality as length, is devoted to Lord Chancellor Bacon, a man who, apart from his splendid position as a philosopher, deserves to be studied by every student of English for the force and richness of his style. Truly does the writer say that his utterances are not infrequently marked with a grandeur and solemnity of tone, a majesty of diction, which renders it impossible to forget, and difficult even to criticise, them. Amidst the company with which he is brought into contact here, though there are, of course, many men of noble stature, Bacon stands like a giant among pigmies. In looking through the volumes, one is struck by the few names, comparatively, that belong to men of genius or of extraordinary intellect. And it is well that this is the case. The everyday work of the world must be done by ordinary men. "An honest, dull, servicable man," is the character given in the Dictionary to a certain Dr. Amory, and it applies to the majority of persons even less distinguished who help the world by following the common round and doing the daily task. In life such people often prove the best companions, but they make little figure in a Dictionary, and it is not easy to see why certain names deserve a place in these pages at all, when the mention of them is of necessity little better than a tombstone epitaph. The editor has, no doubt, a difficult task to perform, and it must be remembered that a work of this class will owe its ultimate success to completeness rather than to selection.

Pleasant, vivacious, and even brilliant reading is provided without stint in *A Journey Due South*: by George Augustus Sala (Vizetelly and Co.); and there are more than a round dozen of striking illustrations, meet accompaniments of the letter-press. That the portly, handsome volume is a second edition testifies of, to a certain extent, the popularity attained by this most delightful account of "travels in search of sunshine"; but there must be still many thousands of readers who have not yet fallen in with the first edition, and would gladly lay hold upon this second or even upon a third or a fourth to come. Everybody knows the author's name; nearly everybody knows his style and the immense amount of information, personal experience, and knowledge of the world, its four quarters, its people, places, and things, that he can and does draw upon for the entertainment and enlightenment of his readers, and nearly everybody again must be aware that he has a fund of native humour with which his narratives are "shot," as certain articles of haberdashery with gold and divers colours. In fact, the author's name should of itself be sufficient recommendation; it is, at any rate, a sufficient guarantee for liveliness and what is comprehensively termed readability. We have all heard of "clubbable" men; and, in imitation of that expression, the author may be dubbed an eminently "readable" man. He makes an amusing apology for the not altogether strictly correct title which he or his publishers, or he and they in collusion, have thought proper to bestow upon his book; but, whatever one may think about a rose under any other name, it is pretty certain that, whatever the author writes, nobody will care for the title save as a means of enabling the public to obtain the book without misadventure at the very first time of asking. It can only be necessary to mention the places about which the author gossips so pleasantly, with so much knowledge and appreciation, and then the book may be left for the enjoyment of all whom it may concern. Of Paris, of Marseilles and bouillabaisse, of Nice and her "nefarious neighbour" (which, of course, is Monte Carlo), of Bastia and Ajaccio, of Genoa "the superb," of "austere" Bologna, of Venice

"preserved," of old Rome and new Rome, of Naples and Pompeii, the happy reader may read, and read, moreover, to profit as well as to amusement.

A very sad, tragic, and characteristic occurrence serves for the foundation of *Mr. Butler's Ward*: by F. Mabel Robinson (Vizetelly and Co.), which is a story in one volume, well and pathetically, nay powerfully, written, though in parts it betrays signs of being spun out a little unmercifully, and though, on the whole, it is a little young-ladyish in style and sentiment. Some of the descriptions, especially those that appertain to life at the Norman nunnery of Bonsecours are charming; and the heroine, who of course is Mr. Butler's "ward," is a very happy conception, a beautiful creation, whose affecting history is treated with much delicacy, sympathy, and command of all that is touching. The old Irish-woman, whose husband believes himself—not without excellent reason, though his wife tries to throw a doubt upon the subject—to have committed a murder, is a very fine character, finely delineated. The story is now and then intensely interesting; but now and then it hangs. The fundamental incident appears to have been borrowed from real life; and, as the tale is coloured Irish, there is nothing at all extravagant, incredible, or even improbable about that incident. Mr. Butler is a gentleman of property, an Irish absentee-landlord, though he does not depend entirely upon his Irish estates, it would seem, for his comfortable means. His agent, in the process of an eviction, causes, by accident not by design, the death of a child whose father, a noble old man in many respects, is unfortunately in possession of a loaded revolver and not of his sober senses the next time he encounters the agent. The result may be easily imagined; the contents of the loaded pistol are lodged in the agent's body, and the agent, left for dead, is buried hastily by some of the too precipitate old man's friends. But the agent is not quite dead, and, struggling to release himself from his ill-made premature grave, he manages to protrude a hand and arm through the earth, and then dies a fearful death. On that hand and arm his only child, the heroine of the story, accidentally stumbles, and the whole dreadful incident is brought to light, save that the murderer is not revealed. At the time of the discovery the heroine is only a little girl, and her mind, as is but natural, receives a shock which is destined to take fuller effect at a future time. Mr. Butler takes his late agent's little daughter under his charge, after a fashion, sends her to a nunnery to be educated, receives her into his house as his children's governess in due time, and is the means of introducing her to a fashionable painter who, struck with her beauty and many graces, marries her. The marriage is not a very happy one, and some readers may think that the little quarrels described concerning questions of painting from the "nude," though no sort of impropriety is committed, are unpleasant and quite gratuitously brought in, as the desired object could easily be attained without them. Well, the painter dies within about a year of the marriage, and the lovely widow marries again—this time the son of the man who had murdered her father. She does not know it until afterwards, but her second husband knows it before. It is a hard case. What should he have done? He does not tell her, he has not the heart to tell her, and the terrible consequences of his silence are to be learned from the pages of the novel.

Mr. Adye has written a fresh and simply-told story, the scene of which is chiefly laid in Cornwall and on Dartmoor; and in many ways *The Queen of the Moor*, three volumes (J. and R. Maxwell), cannot fail to please. Obviously animated by a sincere love of nature and of animals, the author excels in such descriptions and adventures as have to do with the latter. No sport would seem to come amiss to his pen; hunting, fishing, and boating exploits are detailed with evident enjoyment, and with the appreciation of an adept. Mr. Adye says that "movement and action are the true poetry of youth," and they are unquestionably the true spirit of his book. We do not agree with him when he attempts to philosophise thus—"Happiness consists almost entirely in perfect health" and "there is no such thing as unhappiness apart from disease, physical or mental, and perhaps none mental unless founded on physical imperfection"; but rather with Shakespeare that "tis the mind that makes the body rich." Mr. Adye has ventilated in "The Queen of the Moor" some theories which are neither very original nor very clever; but they succeed in being discursive, and endangering the success of the novel, which, however, distinctly improves as the story progresses; and the last volume is decidedly the best, for although mating and marrying are somewhat promiscuous, there is less diffuseness, and the author is more interested in his characters. The chapter entitled "The Eighteenth of June" quite kindles his enthusiasm; and notwithstanding his modest apology, he gives a very good reading of a battle where the power of "the conqueror and captive of the earth" was finally destroyed. Mr. Adye might with advantage have introduced more dialogue—for his dialogues are good—and compressed his descriptions, which are a little lengthy; but the novel as it stands is a pleasing narrative of some country folk and their simple lives and ways seventy years ago, varied by the excitement and adventures consequent on the escape of some French prisoners of war; and it is, besides, thoroughly unassuming, perfectly moral, and written in good, clear English.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Musical History Briefly Narrated and Technically Discussed, with a Roll of the Names of Musicians, and the Times and Places of their Births and Deaths," by G. A. Macfarren (A. and C. Black). The title explains the purpose of this volume, which, small as it is, contains a large amount of valuable information, clearly and well stated. The historical portion is a reproduction, with amplifications, of the author's article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and will be found to be a comprehensive summary of an extensive subject. The alphabetical list of musical composers, theorists, performers, historians, critics, teachers, instrument makers, and publishers, &c., forms a most valuable table for reference.

The "Bandmaster's Guide," vol. ii., by Palgrave Simpson (Boosey and Co.). This is a continuation of a valuable work on the art of scoring for military bands, a specialty apart from that of instrumentation for an ordinary orchestra. Some excellent treatises have been produced (especially that by Berlioz) dealing with the method of scoring for concert and opera orchestras, but these do not deal with the subject which is so ably treated by the author of the book now referred to. The descriptions of the various instruments, of their compass and capabilities, and the art of effectively combining and contrasting them, as shown by many examples, render the work one of high utility to bandmasters or those studying for that position.

"Two Lives," by J. E. Webster; "My Heart's Message," by A. H. Behrend; and "An Old Maid's Heart," by M. Watson, are songs each of which is characterised by a flowing melody, simple in style, yet pleasing, and lying within a moderate compass of voice. Any singer possessed of expressive power may render them highly effective. Messrs. K. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of two pianoforte pieces, "Sieg-lid," by Alice Borton; and "Tip-Toe," by Henri Logé. The first is styled a "Song of Victory," and is in appropriate martial style, which is well sustained up to a very effective climax. The other piece is a fairy dance, in which there is much characteristic piquancy. It is not difficult; and, the leading passages being fingered, it will serve well as a pupil's exercise.

"Alas! so long," is a setting by Lady Ramsay (of Banff) of lines by D. G. Rossetti, the sad sentiment of which is very happily expressed in the music to which it is allied. "Moorish Serenade" (also published by J. B. Cramer and Co.) is by F. Williamson, who has taken some lines from Lord Lytton's "Leila," and has associated them with some smooth and melodious strains that are well suited for vocal effect.

Messrs. W. Morley and Co.'s recent publications include some songs that are well suited for drawing-room use. "The Light of the Land," by Ciro Pinsuti, has a bold and well-marked rhythm well calculated for declamatory effect. "Home Dreams," "Surely," and "Heart to Heart"—all by A. H. Behrend—are replete with unaffected sentimental expression. "The Viking Bold," by C. T. Speer, has a strongly-marked melody, somewhat in the style of a "Volks-lied," and must produce a stirring effect in performance. "Jem," by Cotsford Dick, is in a somewhat lighter style, and has much piquant character; and the same may be said of "If You Marry," a humorous song, by T. Hutchinson. "The Clang of the Hammer," by T. Bonheur, is a song of the descriptive kind, in which a good effect is gained without exaggeration. Messrs. Morley and Co. are continuing their very cheap "Part-Song Journal," edited by A. J. Caldicott—the ninth number of which contains a pleasing piece for four voices, "The Holly-crowned King," by the editor—and their useful collection (also a serial) of voluntaries for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, edited by H. J. Stark. The fourteenth number has some effective original pieces by Dr. Spark, of Leeds.

"Dramatic Overture," by Gustav Ernest (Hutchings and Co.). This is an arrangement, for pianoforte solo, of the work to which the Philharmonic Society recently awarded the prize of twenty guineas, eighty-eight such compositions having been sent in in answer to the invitation. As the performance of the overture, and its successful reception, at the society's second concert of the present season, has already been noticed, we need now only record its publication in the arranged form indicated above.

It is announced that the Old Testament Revision Company has concluded its labours, and that the revised edition of the Bible will be issued in May.

The first steam-cars introduced on any tramway in the metropolitan district have begun running for public traffic on the North London Tramways Company's lines.

It was announced at the meeting on the 1st inst. of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation that H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor of Wales will visit the City early in June to receive the freedom, which is to be presented in a specially designed gold casket, for which the sum of £250 has been voted. Four of the principal goldsmiths and jewellers were invited to compete; and the committee selected the design of Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, who made the casket for his Royal Highness's father, the Prince of Wales, twenty-one years ago.

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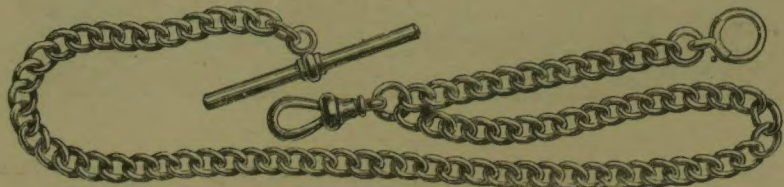
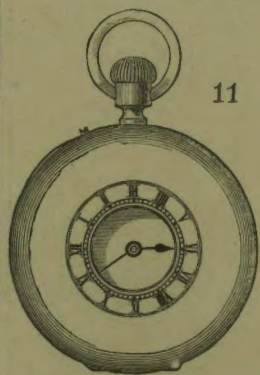
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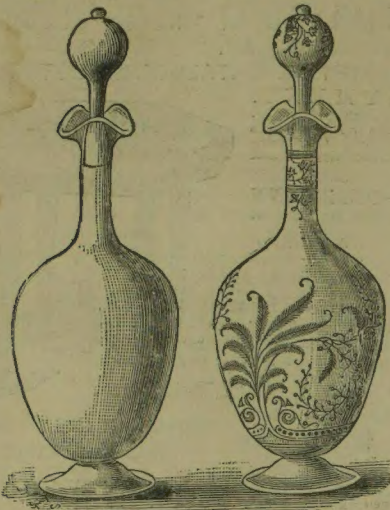
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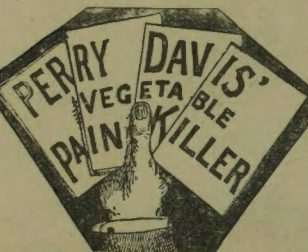
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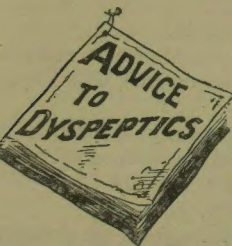
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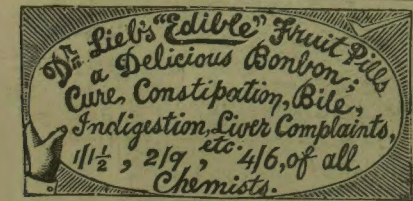
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